FILE

THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

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Belgium's New Deal	*Bertrand de Jouvenel*
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Italy's New Serfs	*Carl T. Schmidt*
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The *Philemon's* Boy (A Story)	*Roger Vercel*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

STEFAN ZWEIG, whose 'Brazilian Diary' we have translated and reprinted from the *Pester Lloyd*, is the author of numerous biographies, among them *Marie Antoinette*, *Mary of Scotland*, and *Fouché*, the last a book about Napoleon's crafty chief of police. Mr. Zweig recently visited Brazil, and upon his return to Europe sat down to describe for European readers what he had seen. The 'Diary' is a part of the long account. [p. 384]

A SHORT time ago, speaking in the House of Commons, Britain's young Foreign Secretary, Mr. Anthony Eden, stated that his country would defend France and Belgium against armed aggression in accordance with her obligations. He also said that if a European settlement could be reached, England would defend Germany under similar circumstances. But he was curiously evasive on the all-important question of just what England's course would be in case Germany decides to march toward the *East*. One reason for this evasiveness is doubtless caution: Britain does not want to commit herself to any definite course of action in a contingency which she believes is all too likely to arise. But there is another reason, and it lies nearer home. There is in England a large and influential minority of independent Conservatives who hold that England ought to ally herself with Germany and give that country a free hand in the East.

One of the most prominent exponents of this view is Mr. J. L. Garvin, editor of the London *Observer*. We reproduce this month a typical editorial from his pen. [p. 393]

SIMILAR views are expressed by the *English Review*, a London Conservative monthly. Indeed, a recent issue of that magazine stated bluntly that the only issue on which Conservatives will quarrel with Germany is the issue of the Mandates. Mr. Randolph Hughes's description of a German labor camp is characteristic of the friendly attitude such circles take toward everything Nazi. [p. 397]

'THE *Philemon's* Boy' is a short story of a fishing voyage to the Grand Banks, in the course of which the sailors learn why all but two of the original crew refused to serve again. The author, Roger Vercel, won the Prix Goncourt in 1934; his most important novel is *Capitaine Conan*. [p. 406]

PIO BAROJA has long enjoyed the distinction of being one of the most widely read of Spain's living authors. To readers of THE LIVING AGE his name will undoubtedly be familiar, for several of his books have been translated into English and published in this country, among them *Weeds*, *Red Dawn*, and *The Quest*. He has long been at odds with the Spanish radicals, and at the outbreak of the civil war he left his native home for France. In 'The Mistakes of the Spanish Republic' he tells why, in his opinion, the Republic failed, and incidentally attempts to defend himself against the attacks which have been launched against him. [p. 422]

OF BERTRAND DE JOUVENEL it may be said that he is the 'celebrated son of a celebrated father.' The father, Henri de Jouvenel, was a member of the French Senate and the editor of the *Matin* and the *Revue des Vivants*. The son is a publicist and a frequent contributor to the *Europe Nouvelle* and other French periodicals. [p. 427]

(*Continued on page 470*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

January, 1937 *Volume 351, Number 4444*

The World Over

WHEN THE SCHOLARS of the future come to write the history of the 'greatest news event of the century,' their emphasis will probably be very different from that of the journals of the day. It is quite conceivable that they may speak of the abdication of Edward VIII as the latest of the many victories the British people have won in their age-long struggle to preserve their liberties against the encroachments of the Crown. A hint of what went on behind the scenes was given in the last issue of *Reynolds News* to appear before the news of the King's intention broke in England. During his visit to the 'distressed areas' of South Wales King Edward, evidently much moved by what he saw, had told the miners there that 'something must be done' to help them. The *Reynolds News* writer says:—

> I am told that the King has lost no time in seeking to implement his promise to South Wales. During the week he has had interviews with Ministers, and there is no doubt that some progress has been made towards a workable program.

Of course the 'interviews' may not have concerned the distressed areas at all. But *Reynolds News* is more often right than wrong, and in a case of this sort, where the whole truth may not be known for a generation, guessing is excusable. Why did the 'crisis' arise when it did? Our

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guess is that it arose because the King was determined to be more than a figurehead. King Edward's affection for Mrs. Simpson had been known in certain circles for a long time. His impatience with the empty pomp of royalty was proverbial. It is at least a plausible hypothesis that he ascended the throne hoping to be more than the living symbol of the unity of the Empire, that after his visit to South Wales he tried to put his hope into effect, alarmed his Ministers, and was forced out. If this story is true (and it has been advanced by a number of persons who are in a position to know), the King's marriage intentions served merely as a convenient excuse for getting rid of a monarch who, in violation of the British 'Constitution,' threatened to rule as well as to reign.

One other aspect of the situation deserves mention. Edward was said to have opposed an entente with France, favoring instead an alliance with England's 'Teutonic cousins' in Germany. His brother may hold the same views, but he is not likely to press them; Edward was. Thus by going he may have let down not only the miners but the Nazis.

WITH THE ABROGATION of the waterways clauses of the Versailles Treaty Hitler has brought himself face to face with the territorial and colonial provisions of that document: there is nothing else left to tear up. European observers are now engaged in speculating where the next move will be made. The choice seems to lie between Austria and Danzig. That some move will come hardly anyone doubts: for it is now generally agreed that the Nazis use their foreign policy to divert attention from conditions at home, and those conditions are growing daily worse. The recent decree providing the death penalty in cases of 'economic sabotage' is sufficient proof of that.

But here are a few facts to clinch the argument. On the economic front, General Göring has been urging the peasants not to withhold supplies from the State; Dr. Goebbels has been warning the workers that the winter will mean further sacrifices; and Dr. Schacht's system of exchange control has been encountering new obstacles. On the political front, the Nazis have been increasing their spying activities: it is stated that in every apartment house in Germany there is now a National Socialist Party representative charged with observing and reporting the activities of all the tenants. Signs such as these point to the inevitability of further 'gestures.' The only question is, where?

In Austria it is coming to be realized that the agreement with Germany of July 11 last was a kind of Trojan horse by means of which the Nazis hope to achieve what they failed to achieve by force: control of all Austria. Only recently General Göring declared that the greeting 'Heil Hitler' will soon be adopted in Austria, and Dr. Schuschnigg is said to be seriously alarmed by the progress the Nazis have made there since

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the agreement was signed. It may be that the next victim of Hitler's *Realpolitik* will be Austria.

Another candidate for the honor is Danzig. In the Free City the Nazis are slowly but surely consolidating their position, now advancing two steps, now retreating one, but never abandoning their avowed intention of making the port a part of the German Reich. As in Austria revolution from within seems to be the favored method: Party members are gradually penetrating all the important offices not only of the Government but of the principal banks and business houses. The only factor tending to retard the process is Poland, and it is not inconceivable that some agreement may yet be reached with her regarding Danzig's fate. When Danzig and Austria have fallen, Czechoslovakia will be caught in a vice.

The situation is well summarized by an anonymous German authority. Writing in the London *Spectator*, he says:—

> All political factors considered, it therefore seems probable that a war for the pan-German idea is the only one on which National Socialism could resolve without seriously risking its whole system. We are living today in a period of extreme danger of war, at least till the autumn of 1937. German armament is almost as nearly complete as armament can be; the economic situation in Germany is deteriorating rapidly. In order to endure, National Socialism must constantly make coups. . . . Behind all popular 'slogans' of a crusade against Communism, behind all the illusions of imperialism, the pan-German idea proves again to be the real danger for European peace.

WHEN GENERAL FRANCISCO FRANCO captured Toledo and began his swift march on Madrid, it was widely prophesied, and widely believed that the Spanish capital would fall before his victorious army as playing blocks fall before the onslaught of an impetuous child. He has now been six weeks outside the city, and at this writing he is still unable to advance. What is the explanation of this sudden change from rapid progress to stagnating immobility? Does it lie in the strengthening of the Government's forces? In some deficiency in the Rebels' man-power or equipment? Or in the natural defences of the city itself?

According to the *Week*, London multigraphed publication circulated privately to subscribers, the real explanation of Franco's failure is none of these, but simply one cardinal error in strategy:—

> For political reasons (recognition the first and biggest) it was necessary for Franco to swing northward from Toledo to the attack on Madrid. Every degree of the half-circle through which he swung his front until it stretched no longer north and south but east and west across the Toledo road and the road and railway to Aranjuez represented, strategically, a dangerous weakening of his position and a dangerous exposure of his flank . . .
>
> Pressed by his German and Italian advisers, General Franco disregarded the

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latent peril and pushed on toward Madrid, relying on the continuance of the blockade against the Government and the uninterrupted flow of arms to the Rebels to prevent his ever being called to account for this outrage against sound military theory.

Now, continues the *Week*, the 'strategic pigeons' have come home to roost. With his flank thus exposed, Franco has been compelled to keep a large part of his troops at Toledo and points north and east. Thus his initial attack on the capital was weakened, and the Government's defences have since been so enormously strengthened that it will now require a considerably larger force than Franco has any immediate prospect of gathering to overcome them. Once again, political considerations have interfered with military strategy: Franco won recognition, but lost Madrid. Of course, chance may turn the tables any day. But it is the *Week's* guess that, barring a gross military error on the part of the Government, Madrid is safe.

MEANWHILE, STRANGE RUMORS and reports continue to be heard about Germany's ultimate intentions in the Iberian peninsula. Of these, by far the most sensational comes from the *Deutsche Informationen*, the weekly news service of the German Social Democrats, issued in Paris. According to this service, Franco owes Germany many hundreds of millions of francs for the airplanes, tanks, arms and men which have been supplied to the Spanish Rebels. To collect this huge debt Germany intends to lay claim to Spain's chief mineral resources (copper, iron, and quicksilver); to participate in the work of reconstructing Spain after the war is over, and thus to give a fillip to German industries; to transport and settle in Spain a large number of German workers; to arm Spain for a 'totalitarian war' as Germany has been armed. In this last connection, the *Deutsche Informationen* claims that Germany will construct a system of automobile highways, fortified garrisons, air-fields and ports, and build a line of forts in the Pyrenees along the French border. After the accomplishment of this plan the Third Reich will be the strongest military power in Central and Western Europe.

The trained soldiers Germany has sent to Spain are to be employed not merely as military instructors. Above all, they are to fasten the German influence on Spanish Fascism, both at the top and among the masses. And after, as Hitler hopes, they have helped Franco to victory, they are to carry out in the technical and economic fields the plans of German industry, and convert Spain into a German colony.

PREMIER BLUM OF FRANCE has now been in office since June 4—time enough, presumably, for his economic measures to have begun to bear fruit. The most spectacular and the most courageous of those

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measures was the devaluation of the franc, which took place on September 26. So far, the results of the move have been mixed. French industrial production is now rising and unemployment is no longer increasing. Credit is easier, and capital is slowly coming out of hoarding. But prices are going up faster than wages; indeed, some of the price increases have been astonishing. Seven weeks after devaluation cotton yarn had jumped 34 per cent, leather 35 per cent, furs 35 to 40 per cent, iron and steel, 40–45 per cent, and coal 60 per cent. The average increase of all wholesale prices was 12 per cent, of the prices of imported goods 22.5 per cent. Stocks had appreciated, on the average, 60 or 70 per cent, and *rentes* 25 to 30 per cent. In contrast, wages had gone up from 7 per cent to 15 per cent at the most.

A significant indication that the end of the depression is not yet in sight in France is the condition of the building industry. Requests for building permits during 1936 were only about one sixth as numerous as in 1913, when the population of the country was smaller and its housing needs less acute. In this field no sign of improvement has as yet appeared.

But if the results of devaluation have not been all that was hoped for, neither are they the only accomplishments to which the Popular Front Premier can point. A forty-hour week law has been passed, and is gradually being applied to the whole of French industry. A step, and a bold one, has been made in the direction of Government ownership of the munitions industry. As the result of the suicide of Roger Salengro, the Minister of the Interior, the notoriously venal French press is to be forced to bring its business into the open and to reveal where and who its backers are. Sporadic strikes continue, but Mr. Salengro and his successor have so far been able to settle them.

Politically, the Premier's only worries come from the Communists, who periodically threaten to withdraw their support from the Coalition unless the French attitude of neutrality toward the war in Spain is altered. It has been suggested that their real motive is to force the Government to conclude the long-awaited military supplement to the Franco-Soviet Pact. In any case their strength is not sufficient to enable them to constitute a real threat to the Cabinet unsupported, and so far they are unsupported in their demands. Thus the future of the Blum experiment seems to depend upon the success or failure of its economic panaceas.

IN THE SLOW but absorbing chess game which Japan is now playing with China for the possession of the five northern provinces of Hopei, Chahar, Suiyuan, Shansi and Shantung, a piece at least as powerful as the bishop is the South Manchuria Railway. Indeed, that railway has been a factor of major importance in the relations of oriental nations

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since its construction by the Russians in 1896. It was one of the causes of the Russo-Japanese War, and, as a fruit of her victory in that war, Japan obtained possession of the section between Dairen and Changchun. She then proceeded to use the railway as an instrument of imperialist policy in Manchuria, borrowing money from the British and later from the United States in order to be able to do so. With these funds the S.M.R. bought and operated gas and electric plants, warehouses and docks, tourist hotels and restaurants. It also established a zone five miles wide on either side of the road bed, and in that zone it exercised monopolistic control of real estate transactions and the development of Japanese concessions and industries. The line supported, directly and indirectly, some 250,000 Japanese, who crossed to Manchuria to work for the railway itself or for its subsidiaries. At one time the S.M.R. secretly financed a 'good will tour' of American editors to Japan. As a pamphlet issued recently by the line's propaganda department puts it, the S.M.R. is 'more than a mere railway company; it has been and still is the carrier of the light of civilization into Manchuria.'

The *China Weekly Review* now reports that the South Manchuria Railway will expand into China proper, south of the Great Wall. A subsidiary, the Hsin Chung Company, founded at Tientsin in 1934 for the purpose of encouraging Japanese enterprises in that region, will have its capital expanded from 10,000,000 yen to 150,000,000 yen, and a plan is being considered for changing the company from a private concern to a joint commercial enterprise, with the Japanese Government as part owner. Meanwhile the S.M.R. itself is said to be preparing to take over the management of all Chinese railways north of the Yangtze and to construct new lines in North China, all of them so located as to be useful to the Japanese Army in case of war with Soviet Russia. The *Asahi Shimbun* states that the road will raise 500,000,000 yen for this purpose through the sale of bonds. Of course not all these plans can be carried out unless the Japanese-supported Manchukuoan and Mongolian forces now operating in Suiyuan are successful. But if they are successful, we may expect to see Japan building modern transportation facilities all the way to distant Sinkiang.

IT IS NO LONGER NEWS that the world is spending more for armaments today than it was in 1914: we all got used to that fact some time back. Yet few of us realize how much more is being spent for guns and airplanes and warships now, and most of us would be surprised and shocked to know the truth. Francis Williams, financial editor of the British Labor Party's newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, has gathered some figures on the subject which make anything but soothing reading. He finds that, between them, the United States, Britain, France, Germany,

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Italy, Japan and Russia spent roughly $2,200,000,000 for arms in 1914: their combined arms bill today he estimates at well over $11,000,000,000. The largest increase has, of course, been Germany's, rising from approximately $470,000,000 in 1914 to nearly $4,700,000,000 in 1936: 1,000 per cent. Next comes Russia, with an expenditure of about $2,950,000,000 in 1936 as against $450,000,000 in 1914. The third largest arms bill for last year went to the United States: over $1,000,000,000, to be compared with $250,000,000 in the year of the outbreak of the World War. France spent $350,000,000 in 1914, and plans to spend over $900,000,000 in 1937. Britain's current outgo for armaments is $800,000,000; in 1914 it was $380,000,000. Italy has increased her arms budget from $180,000,000 to $750,000,000, and Japan's has jumped from $95,000,000 to $300,000,000. Mr. Williams warns that the difficulties of conversion make both the Russian and the German figures appear somewhat larger than, in terms of domestic purchasing power, they actually are, and, because Japan's standards of living are so low, the Japanese figures appear abnormally low. But, on the other hand, says Mr. Williams:—

> By comparing the amounts spent on arms in the various countries with their populations, it can be seen how enormously over-armed Germany is and how the Russian figure, though large, is dwarfed when it is realized that she has a much longer frontier to defend.
>
> Germany has 11.8 per cent of the total population of these seven Powers, but 41 per cent of their combined arms bill is spent by her. Russia, with 29.8 per cent of the population, spends 26 per cent of the total arms bill.
>
> The United States with 22.5 per cent of the population spends 8.8 per cent of the arms bill; Japan has 12.3 per cent of population and spends 2.6 per cent of the arms bill; Britain has 8.3 per cent of the population and spends 7 per cent of the arms bill; France has 7.4 per cent of the population and spends 8.1 per cent of the arms bill; Italy has 7.8 per cent of the population and spends 6.6 per cent of the arms bill.

Mr. Williams also compares each Power's arms figures with the sums spent on education. Peace-loving Americans will be glad to know that theirs is the only one of the major Powers which still devotes more money to schools than to guns.

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A world-famous German biographer and novelist visits the capital of Brazil.

Brazilian Diary

By STEFAN ZWEIG

Translated by RUTH NORDEN

From the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

IF I begin, dear European reader, with a little course of instruction, I do so because of my conviction that we know astonishingly little about Brazil. This, indeed, was my own first embarrassed feeling. For the most part we have forgotten what we learned in school, and what we remember is of little account, for figures and dates have long since become obsolete, overtaken by the rapid pace of events.

Moreover, it is high time that we became accustomed to abandoning our European way of looking at things, to recognizing that other continents are developing in quite different ways and that the world's center of gravity is shifting away from our 'small Asiatic peninsula' (as Nietzsche called Europe) with alarming rapidity. It is a typical psychological shortcoming of parents that they are always the last to notice that their children have long ago grown into independent individuals. Thus many of us are still unable to get used to the idea that the one-time colonies of Europe became long ago organic States and even worlds of their own, spiritually as well as economically.

The intelligent European's concept of Brazil is something like this: one of the South American Republics (which he does not distinguish clearly from one another), situated in a hot, unhealthy climate, with turbulent political conditions, administered in a disorderly fashion and culturally backward, though scenically beautiful and containing many unexploited resources —a land, in brief, for bold, desperate emigrants and settlers.

This traditional concept, born of our European arrogance, must be corrected from the very start, inasmuch as Brazil is not just any South American Republic, but a land characterized by its own highly individual and very substantial culture, set apart from all the others by the mere fact of its Portuguese language. To grasp its dimensions and world-political significance more correctly, one must remember that this 'land,' this 'South

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American Republic,' is the size of a continent. Brazil has about as many inhabitants as France or Italy, while its area is as large as all Europe—as large as France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Poland and all the other States put together. This 'South American Republic' has room on its rich soil for hundreds of millions of people. It requires few statistics and little shrewdness to figure out that in a few decades Brazil will be one of the most powerful and important countries of the world.

The untutored European, traveling on the fastest express train twelve hours inland from the coast, may believe that he is in the interior, but a glance at the map will show him that he has merely got under the country's skin and is still far from its real heart. Nevertheless it is possible to gain a certain modest insight from even this relatively external vantage point, for the centers of Brazil's economic and intellectual life still lie on or near the coast—as they did in North America a hundred years ago—and since these cities—Santos and São Paulo and Rio and Bahia and Para—are as far removed from one another as are Stockholm and Sicily, one may at least get from them an inkling of the multiplicity and the amazing possibilities of the entire country.

It will, to be sure, be only an inkling, for as yet not one-tenth of the country's natural resources is known; the greater part of its potential energy has not been tapped; here the earth has not yet been exhausted, and it requires no artificial stimulation with fertilizer and chemicals. It does not matter whether coffee, cocoa, grain, cotton, oranges or bananas are planted —everywhere the surface of the soil grows rich with fruit, while in the depths there slumber ores and precious stones. There is not an expert who can predict what the future may bring to this world empire, which even today lacks few raw materials, the most urgent of all those needed for the unfolding of its native potentialities being but one: men, more men—the only raw material which we in Europe have in abundance, the one raw material the super-abundance of which is oppressing and stifling us. Not until this land has one, two, three hundred million people will it be properly proportioned.

It is this feeling of being at the beginning, in the ascendance, in the process of irresistible growth, that creates here an atmosphere of confident optimism which stimulates our nerves, accustomed as we are to the Occidental atmosphere of crisis, like a tonic or like ozone. For me personally this journey to Brazil was actually a soul-cure, for a common bond of confidence, even that of a foreign community, always lifts up the soul. The certainty that, even if Europe should continue to destroy herself, her offspring, planted centuries ago, will, unvanquished, carry on her intellectual and cultural life—that certainty was inspiring.

II

Just how this new community, this giant Empire of Brazil, originated I myself am unable to imagine. Yes, I have carefully read the history of its discovery, of its colonization; but today as always it defies comprehension. No latter-day imagining can reconstruct the historical miracle by which a tiny nation, Portugal of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, con-

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quered, with a handful of miserable ships, first all India, then half of Africa and now this limitless Brazil. It is with admiration that one dreams of these bold *conquistadores*, who, after weeks of navigating the unknown, here, in a *terra incognita*, an utterly impassable land, erected their colony; who, gradually pushing onward with only a few hundred men, half of whom fell victims to the climate, conquered a realm a thousand times the size of their own home land. In all history only the conquest of all Asia, India and Russia by Genghis Khan seems to me to be comparable to this unexampled expansion of human will power.

And the second miracle: that this Empire has held together through all the centuries since, with hardly a war, first as a Portuguese colony, then as an Empire, and now as a free, independent Republic—always unified, a closely-knit, organic structure shaping itself into its own individuality, more clearly visible from decade to decade, out of the continual inter-mixture of immigrant and native elements. This story, too, remains to be written, that the incomprehensible may be grasped.

You see, dear European reader, that I am speaking frankly to you. I have admitted to you how much I (and everybody) lack of a complete geographical knowledge of this country: how incomprehensible the marvel of the transformation of a one-time Portuguese colony into an independent world empire remains to me. You will admit also that I have been sparing in prophetic assertions. Thus I believe I may now command your confidence in reporting of this country two facts which, in the Europe of 1936, will at first sight appear utterly incredible, as well as anachronistic.

The first of these facts that will sound like a fairy tale to you is this: despite its imposing size Brazil is a completely peaceful land. With its forty million people, it calls to the colors fewer soldiers than our tiniest principality; despite a coastline extending through dozens of degrees of latitude it possesses but a tiny fleet; and it probably does not even hold poison gas and tanks in reserve for the advancement of humanity. Life here is not yet overshadowed by the constant fear of war, as it is with us, nor are economic considerations dominated solely by this point of view. The ideology of absolute autarchy has not yet erected here a Chinese Wall, and fortunately science is almost exclusively in the service of construction and advancement, instead of the planned annihilation of enemies. This gigantic land is free of all imperialistic tendencies, for it has so much room that it does not have to envy others a square inch, and it loves and needs peace as the necessary basis for its cultural growth.

No single fact seemed to me more characteristic of this attitude than the fact that Brazil's national hero, after whom her most beautiful streets are named, and the monument to whose memory one greets respectfully time and again, is not a general or a statesman who has conducted victorious wars, but Rio Branco, the true statesman, who knew how to avoid wars, who secured the frontiers of his country by means of friendly treaties with his neighbors, instead of by force of arms. When and to whom shall we in Europe be able to raise such a monument?

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And the second amazing anomaly, as against Europe of 1936: Brazil has not yet discovered the race problem. Instead it has long solved this problem in the simplest and happiest way, by completely ignoring the differences in race, color, nationality and religion among its citizens. In this giant melting pot everything has mixed since time immemorial—whites, Indians, Negroes, Portuguese, Germans, Italians, Slavs, Japanese, Christians, Jews, Buddhists and pagans. No distinctions are made, and there is no strife of any kind. No color line is drawn here as it is in North America, nor are there many in the country who could trace their origin with any degree of assurance. It is touching to see the children of all shades, black coffee and coffee with cream (as it is put here), playing together, and also to see the adults living together peacefully side by side. In the factory the white man works beside the Negro and the Creole. In the dance halls and everywhere else not the slightest segregation is noticeable. This mixture of races and colors has continued with utter lack of self-consciousness for decades and centuries.

III

And the consequences, the terrible consequences? That is the question many startled Europeans may ask. They are excellent, these consequences. Rarely in the world may more beautiful women and children be seen than among these half-breeds, gentle in stature and bearing. It is with joy that one sees in the dusky faces of many students intelligence coupled with quiet modesty and courtesy.

No, mixture does not 'disintegrate.' It animates and forms. A certain softness, a mild melancholy here form a new and happy contrast to the sharper, hyper-active and more realistic type of the North American. And how they are distinguished, how many individual types there are in this mixture! It is wonderful to watch the crowds in the streets—each one different, each one individual—and at the same time to note the exquisite courtesy, the absence of the irritation and tension which today characterize the relations between the citizens of most European countries. Even in the 'public sphere' this liberal spirit proves its worth. No one is discriminated against, or herded into second-rank citizenship.

Thus everyone feels himself to be a true citizen of Brazil, and that feeling gives rise to a visible tangible national consciousness—though, happily, not yet to imperialist nationalism. The second-generation immigrant stock, whatever its origin, even the stubborn Japanese, regard themselves as *Brasileros*. They adapt themselves completely to the tropical climate and its requirements. Even in the case of the new arrivals, the present first generation, an astonishingly rapid adaptation takes place after the first difficult period of transition has been passed.

There is in Brazil today a repetition of the phenomenon which became apparent in North America during the second half of the nineteenth century: the emergence of a new national character, a new nation, unprecedented in history. The awakening of a new type, of a new community, is quite plain to those observers who have an eye for growth and a mind sensitive to nuances.

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Brazilian literature is just at the point of transcending its own borders, and one feels that soon this nation will express and portray itself.

At any rate, to see present-day Brazil means to cast an eye into the future. It gives rise to the inspiring emotion of leaving behind for a brief space our oppressive age and joining the world's eternal youth. Of all the beauty—of landscape, culture, exotic forms of life—which one is privileged to see in Brazil, this feeling of high confidence is the most precious, the most joyful emotion one carries back home.

IV

Early in the morning all the passengers are already waiting impatiently on deck, armed with binoculars and cameras. None wishes to miss the famous entry into Rio de Janeiro, no matter how often he may have admired it before. The ocean still gleams blue and metallic, as it has for days, in calm but tiring monotony. Yet one feels that one is approaching land. One smells the nearby soil before beholding it; for all at once the air grows moist and sweet, playing softly round mouth and hands. A dark fragrance drifts slowly nearer—a fragrance brewed from plant breath and the moisture of flowers in the depths of the giant forests. It is the indescribably warm, sultry, fermenting breath of the tropics, which intoxicates and exhausts at one and the same time.

Now at last there are shadows in the distance. Uncertain, cloud-like, a mountain range looms into the empty sky, the outlines growing more distinct as the ship draws nearer. It is the range which protects, with its outstretched arms, the Bay of Guanabara, one of the largest in the world. Its great arch, with the many smaller bays and promontories, is large enough to harbor the ships of all the nations, and within this gigantic open shell innumerable islands lie scattered like pearls, each different in form and color. Some rise gray from the amethyst sea; at a distance they might be taken for whales, so bare and naked are their backs. Others are long, and rock-ribbed like crocodiles. Still others are covered with houses or guarded by fortresses.

Others again seem to be floating gardens, with palms and flower-beds, and while through the glass one is curiously admiring their unsuspected multiplicity of form, the background of the mountains like a huge relief, emerges, each one different, each with its own individual contour. One will be bare and the other clothed in a green robe of palm; this one will be rocky, the other encircled by a lustrous girdle of houses and gardens.

It is as though nature in her bold sculpture had tried to juxtapose all earthly forms, and indeed popular imagination has given earthly names to each one of these mountainous figures. The Widow, The Hunchback, The Hound, The Finger of God, and, above all, the Pão de Assucar, the Sugar Loaf, which rises right in front of the city in steep suddenness like the Statue of Liberty in New York—the ancient, immovable symbol of the city. Yet high above all these single monoliths and hills rises the chief of this giant tribe, the Corcovado, blessing Rio de Janeiro with a huge cross—electrically illuminated at night—like a priest raising the monstrance above his kneeling flock.

Now at last, having threaded the labyrinth of islands, one beholds the

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city; but one does not see it all at once. Unlike Naples, Algiers, Marseilles, this panorama of buildings does not open out at one blow, like an arena with rising steps of stone; picture after picture, section after section, vista after vista, Rio unfolds like a fan; and it is this which makes the entry so dramatic, so perpetually surprising. For each of the separate bay communities, only the sum of which make up the whole shore-line, is separated by mountain ranges—as though they were the ribs of a fan framing each picture, yet holding the whole together.

At last the arched beach comes into view, an enchanting spectacle: a wide promenade, above the foaming surf, with houses and villas and gardens. One can plainly distinguish the great hotel, and, rising up the hill, the villas in the woods. But no! It is only the beach of Copacabana, one of the most beautiful in the world, but only a suburb, not the city itself. The Pão de Assucar, the Sugar Loaf, still bars the view, and must be circumnavigated.

Not until then does one see the city, with its bay, looking out crowded and white on the beach, and scrambling confusedly up the green heights. One sees the newly laid-out beach parks and the flying field which has just been wrested from the sea. Now the wharf is near, and impatience will be satisfied. But no! Again we are wrong. This is only the Bay of Botafogo and Flamenco. The ship moves on, and still another fold of this divine fan, shining polychrome, opens before us.

The Navy Islands must be passed, and that little one with the Gothic palace where, two days before his abdication, Emperor Pedro gave his last ball, in blissful ignorance of what was to come. Now at last the towers greet us—a single, vertical mass. Now the quays come into view, the ship can moor, and one is in South America, in Brazil, in the most beautiful city in the world!

V

This hour-long entry into Rio is a unique experience, and makes a very deep impression comparable only to the arrival in New York. But New York's welcome is harsher, more energetic. It is like a fjord in the northland with its icy cubic piles. Manhattan's greeting is more masculine, more heroic, the steeply piled human will of America, a single explosion of concentrated force. Rio de Janeiro does not hurl itself at the visitor: it opens soft feminine arms, it receives, it draws one to its breast, it yields to view with a certain voluptuousness. Here all is harmony—the city, the sea, the green and the mountain. All flow, as it were, melodiously into each other. Even the skyscrapers, the ships, the colorful illuminated signs do not clash.

And this harmony is repeated in ever new chords. The city's appearance as seen from the hill is different than that from the sea; but everywhere there is harmony—loosely arrayed multiplicity that is forever a complete unity. Nature has become a city—a city which gives the effect of nature. And the city holds one with the same inexhaustible multiplicity, with the same grandiose magnanimity with which one is welcomed. From the moment of one's arrival one knows: the eye will not grow tired, nor the mind sated, of this unique city.

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To be truly vital a city must contain within itself a number of strongly opposed forces. A merely modern city is monotonous; a backward one soon begins to grow irksome. A proletarian city is oppressive, while a center of luxury soon comes to exude a dreary boredom. A city is the more attractive, the more strata it possesses, the more colorful its range of contrasts—as is the case with Rio. Here the extremes are furthest removed, yet merge into each other with peculiar harmony. Here wealth does not provoke; the feudal mansions, furnished with astonishingly good taste, do not exhibit conspicuous façades. They lie scattered in the greenery, with beautiful gardens and ponds, and with choice furniture, generally old-Brazilian. Because of the absence of urban showiness and their closeness to nature, they seem to have grown organically rather than to be arrogantly exhibited.

One must actually search before finding them, but when one has the pleasure of being a guest in one of these houses, one never tires of admiring them. For from every room here the view reaches through open doors into the landscape and even the most precious objects seem modest beside a natural background so perfect.

Strangely enough the poorest of the slums, the *favellas*, have the same charm. Throughout the city there are rocky and wooded slopes, in part covered by beautiful villas. But wherever the ground is not built up, there the poor settle. They have no rights to the land where they build their houses and huts, the *favellas*. Tomorrow they may be driven out; but so long as no one claims the land they squat there. Thus there are hundreds upon hundreds of such shacks and shanties, rising from nothing: four walls of pressed clay, a roof of thatch or hemp or corrugated iron, a few rusty plates of tin gathered somewhere along the harbor—and there you have the entire family, mostly Negroes or half-breeds, and perhaps even a few pigs and chicks. Amid the metropolis here hundreds of thousands live in utter primitiveness, exactly as in the jungle or the bush. The astonishing thing is that these poor quarters seem neither tragic nor oppressive. For they lie in the open, among the green, with the most beautiful view in the world at exactly the same height and on the same streets as the luxurious villas.

It is understandable that the people in these adobe shacks feel happier than they would in a tenement. Here they are free, they may go about half-naked and do as they please. Should the land be taken from them, they simply settle a bit further on. No law keeps them from transporting their flimsy houses—one is almost tempted to say—on their backs. I have seen views across the bay from these *favellas* which are as beautiful as those from the finest villas.

To preserve this multiplicity without regulating it, without violently organizing it—may that be the fate of the city, rather than the geometric insanity of straight avenues and sharp intersections, this fearful checkerboard ideal of the modern high-speed city which sacrifices to symmetry and monotony of form precisely that which is the incomparable heritage of every city: its surprises, its stubborn individuality, its nooks and crannies, and, above all, its contrasts—the contrasts of old and new, town and na-

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ture, of rich and poor, of work and leisure—which are here enjoyed in unique harmonious relaxation.

VI

When Wilhelm von Humboldt called this city, with Naples and Salzburg, the most beautiful in the world, he knew only half of it. For generations before our electric age the beauty of a metropolis ended with the day. At night all of them—Paris and London—sank into a milky green murk from which the meager gas lanterns blinked like lost will-o'-the-wisps. Only occasionally the pale light of the moon shone over the roofs. What did they know, our ancestors, of the glories of light which makes the rocks glow transparently at night, of the play of line and color into which our cities awaken today when their inhabitants retire! And few cities of the earth, not even New York, are comparable to Rio at night.

To see this to best advantage one takes the cable car up to the Sugar Loaf at dusk. Softly one feels the evening drifting on, though it is not yet dark. Slowly, in hardly perceptible transition, the tropic night approaches. The lights grow duller, the colors become less luminous, and it is as though an invisible mouth had breathed against the mirror of the sky; and as the colors pale, the fragrance, this mysterious, heavy tropical fragrance, grows stronger. There is no sudden coolness, but the fragrance seems deeper, fuller, as it were, darker and ever more uncertain. The houses shine in the darkness as though the color and the bright shimmer of stone had been secretly sucked out by vampire lips.

And suddenly there is a flash at the far end of the giant bay, and at one stroke all the lamps along the sea are lit. A thin but endless snake of light winds along every curve, brightly outlining the geographical contours of the coast for miles, a single streak of fire. And at the far end the serpent, just as in the fairy tale, wears a dazzling crown of light—the inner city. This arched chain of light stands rigid, a necklace of sparks and fire laid about the city, but lo!—and this is the special magic—it is repeated in the reflection of the ocean. And there it does not lie rigid, but trembles and flows with the rise and fall of the waves. My eyes have beheld little that could be compared to this double image.

And as the light springs up all over the city, the darkness deepens on the hills and in the water. No descriptive word can portray the tropical blackness which the night here attains. It is a radiant blackness, moist, as it were, exuding, spilling out its own blackness, soft as velvet and deep at the same time; and on this night of nights the lights of the ferry boats now wander over the water, the red and green of the buoys flash, and every light is again mirrored and repeated; yet is as nothing in the immensity of the infinite night.

Time and again one's gaze strays over this magic mirror, which now for the first time gently and still uncertainly reflects the awakening stars, and as one turns away from the sea, overwhelmed by this too exciting spectacle, one is startled once more. For from the summit of the Corcovado there shines the illuminated cross. The summit itself, however, cannot be seen in the metallic night. One sees only the cross! It seems to

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float in space, in the heavens, thousands upon thousands of feet away, a starry image rather than a work of man. Far out to sea it shines, out to the ships, more brilliant than any signal fire, the true emblem of the city.

It is difficult to sleep here if one's window faces this extraordinary beach. Again and again one steps out onto the balcony, impresses the lines of this burning pearl necklace into one's memory and breathes the night and the sea. Again and again one looks out upon the city, which seems to grow more fiery from hour to hour, as the darkness deepens. It is an unexampled, an unforgettable spectacle.

When one has spent a week in Rio de Janeiro, one knows that it is not enough. Much remains to be seen. One would have to wander through the streets many times, and, above all, one would have to see it in its most characteristic season, which we Europeans find hardly bearable—summer—when the air is a fiery furnace which takes the breath away, and when the sun burns so fiercely that eggs can be fried on the asphalt. One would have to see the famous carnival. One would have to stroll around, unknown and at leisure, to taste to the full all the colors and nuances. But the time is up; it has passed too rapidly; already the steamer whistle is blowing. Once more, in reverse order, the scenery unfolds: first the city, then the various bays and inlets, finally the entire immense arch. One last time the extraordinary shore-line unrolls; but already it grows dim and vague, already it is only a shadow, and soon all the days and nights are merely one joyful memory.

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Here are two articles reflecting the position adopted by a large minority of Britain's independent Conservatives toward Nazi Germany and the problems of present-day continental alliances.

Tories Talking

I. Yes or No?

By J. L. Garvin

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Newspaper

As THE public state requires, this new series of articles deals week by week with fundamentals. That is, with the foundations upon which British policy must be re-based from now forward. In that task we come here to the issue which far exceeds every other. It is the issue whereon the world's choice between solution and catastrophe mainly depends. Needless to say, we mean the Anglo-German question. The time has come to handle it without sentimentalism or prejudice, but in earnest. The time has come to put pith and grip to it, so that in this one of all the matters on earth no further fumbling or drifting shall be allowed.

Let no one suppose that we can go on doubting and balancing and dawdling for ever or for indefinite years. It is impossible. The tension of Europe could not stand the strain. It is our conviction, then, and we shall proceed to give our full reasons for it, that either a firm British settlement with Germany will be reached well within the next twelve months, or that within a further twelve months or so another explosion of war will shatter the whole fabric of Europe in a way from which this country could not hope to escape.

Two duties, therefore, lie plain before the nation. One is to arm might and main. The other is to determine here and now and right out upon an early settlement with Germany, if it can be reached upon terms plainly consistent with honor and sense.

While the present bristling state of the world lasts—and that will be for a long time—we must arm might and main, because in no other way what-

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ever can we preserve national greatness and the Empire's safety. No other country will fight our battles for us or keep our peace for us—unless, indeed, our aid is as available and powerful as theirs. We have to be equal men of our hands either way. And it is the historic and proper policy of Britain never to lie at the mercy or discretion of any foreign country, however friendly. The best relations between the German and British peoples never can be enduringly established except as between the strong and the strong. This principle has never been disputed by Herr Hitler, who has often said that he regards this country as one of the virile nations and wishes it to remain so.

The way is thus cleared for grappling in earnest with that paramount matter of world politics which is the subject of this study. It is the unquestionable duty of British statesmanship, as it is the undoubted desire of the British people in the mass, to undertake without delay the direct work of bringing about, if we can, a lasting settlement and friendship with Germany. We are convinced that the effort, if rightly conducted, will not fail. When we dare to say this with decision, it is not because we are blind to any difficulty in the case, but because we have weighed the alternatives for both countries and others. That is the criterion.

The vital prerequisite is mutual good feeling. It exists, and on this side should be more shown. By now Herr Hitler could not have done much more for his part to express good feeling and invite it. It is the turn of the British Government to reciprocate with more natural warmth. Whatever else happens, the tone of its pedagogic questionnaire of a few months ago must be discarded for ever.

Everything shows, then, that the two peoples have again reached a turning-point of fate, and that it will have to be one plain thing or the other between them. What stands in the way? Colonies? We think not; but both sides must look straight at it.

This journal criticized the short-sighted spirit of the Versailles Treaty in the colonial sphere as in others. We held the British Empire to be vast enough, and desired no additions. We have refused to regard the tropical mandates then created as being all on the same inalienable footing as pre-existing British territory. But certain things then done cannot now be undone by peaceful means. We can no more compel three self-governing Dominions to hand back Southwest Africa, part of New Guinea and Samoa, than we can compel Japan to return Kiaochow, or force France to relinquish her share of Togoland and the Kameruns.

Yet we would have Britain do her own utmost in this matter. As an aid to the supreme purpose of Anglo-German settlement, we would not only restore this country's share of Togoland and the Kameruns—hoping that France would follow suit—but Tanganyika as well, where alone Britain is fully free to act.

Nevertheless, the possible territorial retrocessions are bagatelles by comparison with the size and nature of Germany's needs today. Something much bigger would have to be done in another manner altogether. We recall the proposal which we put forward as long ago as 1919 when writing on the 'Economic Foundations of Peace' as against the whole purblind botching

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and bungling of the Versailles Treaty. We thought then, and we hold now, that the British Empire, from its manifold resources, should largely facilitate Germany's supply of raw materials.

We would ask Germans to remember that the possibilities in this respect depend not wholly nor mainly on this island but upon the goodwill and co-operation of the British Empire as a whole. Without this no solution is thinkable.

There could be no solution if it were intended to make demands upon Britain such as were never yet addressed in peace by one nation to another; and if we were to be asked to haul down the British flag on territory where it has always flown. As regards overseas territory and assured supply of raw materials in wider ways, we must know whether plain business on a large scale is to be practicable or not.

II

At the same time another great issue is at least equally vital. Fundamentally it is a question of the Soviet Pacts. There Herr Hitler's practical argument is unanswerable. These pacts, if continued, mean war and can mean nothing else. If we support them, they mean war between Britain and Germany and can mean nothing else. If Britain is to give countenance or patronage to those fatal instruments; if we are to have any lot or part in them whatever; if we are to stand behind France and Czechoslovakia as the potential allies of Russia and Communism against Germany—then the situation becomes inherently deadly to peace, and it is no use talking of anything else.

We cannot have it both ways. If we are to interfere with Germany in the East she must ultimately strike at us in the West. Nothing else is possible. On these terms the empty phrases about collective security would end in collective catastrophe. The formulas of an impotent League would be perverted to the total destruction of its objects. We say that every conceivable entanglement in this sense with Russia and Communism against Germany is abhorrent to the vast majority of the British people. They never will consent to it. It must be expressly repudiated by the British Government; and the sooner the better. Until that is done there can be no clearing of the air.

For what are the Soviet Pacts? They are concluded by France and Czechoslovakia with Moscow. They are a masked alliance against Germany in the name of the League. That they are called 'defensive'—and justly, for what that word is worth—changes nothing in the practical consequences. Germany is bound to take the utmost precaution against them. She is driven as a matter of course to the present colossal effort of armed preparation. She, too, calls her counter-measures 'defensive.' On a more tremendous scale it is the old process of 'Pressure—Counter-pressure—Explosion.'

The one hope is that Britain shall have nothing to do with them in any shape or form; that she shall determine not to be involved in any conflict arising out of them; and that she shall make this decision known to all parties concerned. By themselves the direct participants in the Soviet Pacts are not strong enough to *make* war with the assurance of success. That is why Mr. Litvinoff has tried to move

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all earth and the nether regions to drag Britain into the combination. Had he succeeded, the only practical check on Bolshevist visions would have been removed. Any complicity of Britain with the Moscow Pacts would not serve 'peace indivisible,' but promote war universal.

'*Feinde ringsum*,' said Bismarck—foes all round! Germany's situation in the heart of Europe, exposed to attack from several sides at once, has been her tragedy and her strength. It has plunged her more than once into profound misfortunes. It has created her surpassing national genius for mighty organization. She has had to replace her lack of geographical barriers by human ramparts.

Now, under modern conditions and after all the lessons of the last European struggle, Germany finds herself threatened again with hostile enclosure—and far more closely than before. Czechoslovakia, for instance, has had the suicidal folly to make itself a corridor six hundred miles long through which the air-forces of Soviet Russia might strike into the Reich. This is an impossible proposition. If France, under the Blum Government, persists in being connected with it, Britain cannot be associated in any way with the consequences.

Herr Hitler, since he wrote *Mein Kampf*, has modified his views on some aspects of German foreign policy, but not on the main. He regards it as his mission to break down finally on one side or the other, or on both sides, the historic liability of the Reich to attack on two or more fronts at once. If we were to take part in a combination of that kind, Germany, in her supreme effort to deliver herself for ever from the old danger of enclosure, would necessarily have to concentrate her main air-attack on this country first. Let us grasp this in its stark meaning.

The question, then, for us is whether we are to have another Anglo-German War for the sake of Soviet Russia or any interest in Eastern Europe. The answer undoubtedly is 'No.' The real question, therefore, for Herr Hitler is whether he means in practice to make his colonial demands incompatible with an honorable peace between the two peoples. We think not. If not, the Anglo-German settlement can and must be achieved. We believe that France would join that settlement. Italy has already made her own. The firm concert of these four Powers would organize the sure peace of Western Europe for a generation; and perhaps might even make possible some reconstructive solutions Eastward which never could be reached otherwise without universal war.

II. The New Germany

By Randolph Hughes

From the *English Review*, London Independent Conservative Monthly

I RECENTLY returned from a month in Germany after not having visited that country for a number of years. The difference between what I saw on this occasion and on my previous visits was enormous, and might almost be called radical. Before, in spite of a certain amount of quiet dignity

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and even of good-humored resignation, the predominant impression one received was of a broken country, broken in resources, and broken no less in morale; on all sides there were signs of material and spiritual defeat, of helplessness and hopelessness, relieved only by a too determined indulgence in any distracting entertainment or vice that limited means allowed. Most especially, one felt the absence of any central sustaining force in the country as a whole, and of the direction of individual energies towards any well-defined and fixed objective. The conductor of a vehicle which took me from Hamburg to Saalburg, a likable man of obvious worth and integrity, said to me, in no whining voice: 'We have not very much in the way of food, and we cannot afford to buy new suits, and have to go about with holes in our boots.' In Munich and other cities, after dark (and even in broad daylight), professional catamites or pathics, often in groups of twos and threes, tried to impose their ill-conditioned presence upon one's impatient attention at practically every street corner. These two things may not unfairly be taken as symptomatic of the state of Germany fifteen or ten or five years ago.

This time, however, one found a country that in the truest sense of the word was a nation; a living whole of concordant wills; a people regenerate and restored, physically and morally sound, and set firmly and resolutely on the way towards grandiose masteries and achievements.

To dwell on all the noteworthy things I saw in the course of this month would require the compass of a fair-sized volume. All that I can attempt to do here is to speak of a few of the more representative of them. I shall begin with a labor camp I visited at Trebbin, some twenty-five miles to the south of Berlin, and where I spent the better part of a day.

It is a real camp, no happy-go-lucky affair; a sentry stands at the entrance, one of the workers in quasi-military uniform, with a spade on his shoulder instead of a rifle, but he handles it as if it were a rifle whenever he has to go through any of the motions of ceremonial. On one's left as one enters one's eye is caught by an inscription on the wall of a shed in the courtyard round which are grouped the buildings of the camp: '*Durch eure Schule wird die ganze Nation gehen*—through your school the whole nation will pass and be moulded into shape.' The members of this community are not allowed to forget that the future of their country is their responsibility. The moral purport and opportunity of this experience, the inner and final meaning which makes it worth while, is kept well to the fore.

The shed in question is divided into offices, one of which is the Camp Commandant's; of the other sheds (they are all of wood), some are dormitories and sitting-rooms combined, one is the refectory, which also serves as a lecture-hall, one the infirmary, one the kitchen, and the remainder are used as storehouses.

There are one hundred and fifty youths and young men in the camp, all under the jurisdiction of one commandant; they are subdivided into three sets of fifty, each of these sets being in the charge of a *Zugführer* or platoon-commander. One of the reasons for this subdivision is the possible need of different bodies of men for different classes of labor: one may be

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engaged in making a canal, another in cultivating the soil, and the third on some piece of work in connection with afforestation. The ages of the workers are from eighteen to twenty-five—a disparity due to the fact that the system has been in existence for little more than a year; in the course of time greater uniformity will be attained in this respect. Some of the workers are married, and this is true even of the more youthful ones. In one camp of the Berlin area, twenty-one workers aged no more than twenty have entered into the disabilities of matrimony. Matrimonial zeal here, however, was not due to a high-minded desire to increase the population or to discharge other useful functions: when the scheme became compulsory, these bright youths, fearing it would not be to their liking, mistakenly supposed that married men would be exempt, and so they rushed into premature marriage whatever impressible girls they could find. Now, however, there is no excuse for such an error, nor is there even a possibility of falling into it; for it has since been enacted that no German may marry before passing through a labor camp and doing his term of military service.

II

The workers rise at five in the morning, perform rapid ablutions (their main bath comes later in the day), go through a few agreeable exercises (not drill, enemies of the régime will be surprised to hear), and ten minutes later they take their first breakfast, consisting of bread and marmalade washed down with coffee. Then they set off for their labor in the surrounding countryside; when this labor is at some distance from their living quarters, as in the case of the camp I saw, they are provided with bicycles. With the exception of an interval at ten o'clock for a second breakfast, made up of sausage, bread and coffee, which they carry with them from the camp, they work at their allotted tasks all the morning. Then they return to the camp for luncheon, and they remain in the camp for the rest of the day; hard labor, if such a term may properly be applied to tonic and purposeful activity, occupies no more than a part of their waking hours, and it is not a major part at that.

Luncheon is at half-past one, and consists of a meat dish and vegetables, with bread, and (I was informed) of some variety of sweet. I took this meal with the Commandant, at whose table, which was in the middle of the refectory, sat one of the *Zugführer* and one of the *Truppführer* (section leaders).

We had exactly the same food as the workers, and it was substantial, palatable and copious: I have had worse in not inexpensive restaurants in more than one capital of Europe. I drank cider, but this was a luxury, an extra, and my host had to pay for it. But it is an extra that can be bought at a canteen by the workers, who receive twenty-five pfennigs a day for the purchase of little comforts of this kind.

At the canteen they can also get chocolates, writing-paper, tooth-paste and other oddments or dainties. On three days of the week each worker is given a ration of margarine, and on three other days an allowance of dripping; on the remaining day he is accorded the supreme privilege of butter.

The mind is not left neglected while

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the stomach is being satisfied. At one stage of the meal an officer or a worker reads a summary of the press news of the day: this is at least more interesting than the passages of so-called history intoned or droned during repasts in certain religious orders.

At the end of the meal, the workers clear away and wash up their own dishes. Then they have a spell of rest lasting an hour, and it must be a real rest: they are obliged to lie down on their beds during the whole of this interval. After that until supper-time at seven o'clock they are occupied with various forms of physical exercise, with cleaning their equipment, and with attendance at lectures or discussions. Supper is composed of sausage, bread, margarine and cocoa, and when it is over they have two free hours in which they can do just as they like. Everyone must be in bed, and all lights out, by half-past ten. Sunday is an off day, and those who so choose can go home then.

III

There are nine dormitories, and the complement of each one is sixteen workers. The beds are arranged in pairs one above the other, as in ships; only there is more room than one usually gets in the latter case. In addition to a bed, each inmate has a tall and otherwise fairly large locker. The beds and the lockers occupy one half of the chamber, the other half of which is used as a living- or sitting- or common-room. In this half is a long table with seats, where the occupants can read, write or otherwise fill in their spare time. In each of these dormitories there is a stove for use in the colder months of the year; coal is consumed in it, oil in its present conditions being too expensive.

In these rooms everything is spotlessly clean, a remark that applies to every corner of the camp. The workers make their own beds on rising, and they too have to see to it that the apartment is clean and orderly. This duty they do in turns. At the end of the week there is a dusting, scrubbing and furbishing on a grand scale, a regular spring-cleaning, in which every man Jack of them has to take a part.

These rooms do not give an impression of bareness, severity or cheerlessness; they do not make one feel that this is a barracks far from home life. They all contain flowers or plants. The room is further enlivened by pictures and maps on the walls; in some cases these maps give a vivid idea of the territorial extent of Germany before the Treaty of Versailles and of the compass to which she has been reduced by that treaty. Such an idea, daily impressed on receptive youthful minds over a space of six months, will not readily be effaced. Finally, another amenity is provided by a wireless set: every dormitory has one of these.

Each of the nine sleeping- and living-rooms constitutes a corporate unity which roughly corresponds to a house at an English public school. It has its own special name, always that of a German city or province, such as Danzig or Schleswig-Holstein, and it competes with the other 'houses' in sport (and the camp as a whole competes with other camps or with institutions of a different category). The sports include handball, jumping, running, cross-country races (mostly through woods), obstacle races, boxing, and throwing the javelin, the

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hammer and the shot (this last corresponds to our putting the weight).

As already indicated, a part of the afternoon of every day is devoted to sporting and gymnastic activities. By far the most strenuous of these is the obstacle race: it is so strenuous that it takes place no more than once a week. The day of my visit happened to be the one reserved for it, and it was certainly not a thing for weaklings or babes or girls. There were in all eight obstacles to be got over or got under or got through. They were all difficult, except one, which was simply a descent or flop into a deep and wide ditch, meant to be a respite—or perhaps to arouse false expectations, for it is immediately followed by the most uncomfortable of all. This consisted in making one's way over a palisade some seven or eight feet high, each pole of which terminated at the top in a sharp spike, which might have wrought grievous damage to the anatomy. This ordeal was so difficult that the workers were allowed to lend each other a helping hand at the most hazardous stages.

Among the other feats was the worming one's way through unpleasantly confined, long or zigzag passages, which must be a torture to those who suffer from claustrophobia.

In the long winter evenings, more time is spent indoors, and a portion of this time is devoted to handicraft work: the making of lamps, toys and other useful or ornamental articles. At Christmas a large party is given, to which all the children from the surrounding districts are invited, and the toys are then distributed to them; an excellent idea, productive no doubt of much happiness. I saw a certain number of the lamps and other things thus made by the workers, and they struck me as being always very creditable and in some cases admirable. Very few of them looked amateurish, and sometimes they showed no mean artistic ability. Certain paintings, also the work of these leisure hours, might at least be pronounced meritorious.

IV

So much for the physical side of this life, and for that part of it which has to do with hobbies. But what about the more strictly intellectual side? Is there any time for it? Is any provision made for it at all? As one who has had not a little to do with education, in universities and elsewhere, in England and France, I was particularly interested in this matter, and I admit I was prepared for a certain amount of disappointment. But things were better than I had hoped. As I have indicated, lectures and discussions have a place in the curriculum of a labor camp. Lectures are given on three days of the week, and on the three alternate days there are discussions of the subject of the previous lecture. The lectures, being intended for an audience of very diverse intellectual ability and educational attainment, are naturally not abstruse or highly specialized. They deal with subjects of general interest, and more particularly of interest to young men in whose keeping will lie the future of Germany. The subjects cover a fairly wide area, but, as is only natural, historical and political topics are given more attention than others. The position of Germany in Europe and in the world at large, Germany's foreign policy, the Jews in Germany—such were some of the subjects treated during the week I

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visited the camp. The lessons of those maps I have mentioned—and quite other lessons, too, of course—are reinforced and filled out by these lectures, and driven home upon the consciousness of hundreds of thousands of young men every year in labor camps scattered all over Germany.

It may be objected that such a system does not leave much room for free intellectual development, as the subjects are selected and their scope determined by the authorities, and in the last resort by the State. To this it might be replied that in no modern institution in any country is education really 'free,' whatever that may mean; there is always direction, delimitation, the imposition of views and tastes and wills by authority, individual as well as corporate. In such an institution as the London School of Economics, for instance (at least in the case of some teachers), there is just as much drilling along hard and fast preconceived lines as there is in Germany or any other 'totalitarian' State. Still, let us accord a certain amount of validity to the argument, and agree that some sort of library should be available where the individual can read as taste or caprice or chance may lead him. I inquired if there was anything such, as nothing of the kind had been shown to me, and it turned out that there was. There is a library consisting of 263 books, which is not a bad number for a camp (not specifically an intellectual institution) that has been in existence for so short a time; and other books are being constantly added to this number. The majority of the volumes, not unnaturally, were historical or political in their character; some dealt with gymnastics, physical exercises and such-like subjects; but literature proper was not unrepresented on these shelves.

There are fourteen hundred of these camps in Germany, and all of them are on the same model. They were first instituted in 1932, when they were on a small scale, and membership was voluntary. In 1933 they were organized on a much larger scale, but membership remained voluntary till 1935, when it was made compulsory.

It may be asked whether they do not act as a disturbing force on the economy of the labor market. They do nothing of the kind, for, as in the schemes of public utility suggested but not carried out in England and elsewhere, the work undertaken is such that it does not encroach upon the activity of any already established form of industry providing employment. The workers are mainly occupied in making land ready for cultivation, in digging ditches, in constructing canals to drain meadows, and occasionally in work demanded by afforestation schemes. I was told that there is enough of this labor to keep the available number of men occupied for at least another twenty years.

As the system is universal and compulsory, there is much mixing of classes in these camps. About 50 per cent of the workers are drawn from what may be called the educated classes and have been through some kind or other of secondary school, while the other 50 per cent are composed of clerks, peasants, mechanics, or other members of the artisan class. It might be expected that these very dissimilar types of different origin, training, manners, and interests might not find it easy to get on together in close association over so many months.

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But I was assured that this is not the case; no appreciable incompatibility or friction makes itself felt; there are no squabbles or rows. My own observation confirmed this: unconstrained good fellowship marked the relations of these young men with one another in whatever circumstances I saw them. From this point of view—and it is a very important one—the labor camp scheme has been eminently successful.

The most striking thing of all was the obvious sound health of all these young men. Sound health morally no less than physically; not only was their skin brown and free of all blotches, but their eye had that bright clarity which denotes that the will is in a good condition. Those who were called upon by the Commandant to perform any particular duty were smart, alert, intelligent and resourceful. There were no C3 men here; and with such a system Germany is rapidly eliminating all C3 elements from the nation. Nor was there any evidence of hard and tyrannous 'Prussianism' in this community. There was no sign of spiritlessness, constraint, or oppressively mechanical discipline. All these human beings were contented and happy—or if they were not, they were possessed of remarkable powers of dissimulation. From every one of them with whom I came in contact I received the most perfect courtesy, and what is more, I was treated with a friendliness the sincerity of which I have no reason whatsoever to doubt.

V

Of course I know perfectly well the kind of things that will be said by the ignorant (many critics in this matter have no first-hand knowledge of Germany) or by those whose minds are occluded by prepossession or malice (as often as not speaking in the name of one of the more distinguished sorts of idealism). I shall be told that I saw only what I was meant to see, and that I lent myself with considerable naïveté to the ingenious machinations of the German Government. Well, the answer to that is simple; Germany in this respect is not at all like Russia; I went just where I pleased, talked to whomsoever I wanted to talk to, and rummaged about where I liked (to the extent, I am afraid, of being troublesome at times). In the labor camp—to give one instance out of several—it was entirely by my own initiative and pertinacity that I elicited the information about the library; those who conducted me over the camp had not meant to make any reference to this; and I may add that if I found the food good there it was not because I was expected to luncheon: I had originally arranged to return to Berlin for that meal.

And if it be said that this labor camp was anyhow a model one specially intended for the inspection of foreigners, I can reply that others seen in different parts of Germany by people I know are run on precisely the same lines. And if a Government is seriously working to improve the health of the nation, these are just the lines it might be expected to follow. To believe that Germany is all the time throwing dust in the eyes of its visitors is to believe not only that the latter are all numskulls or cretins, but that the said country has organized a conspiracy of hocus-pocus on a scale,

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and with a finesse of concordant detail, that is so mirific as to be positively miraculous. And this clever supposition would entail a belief that the whole German people were in the conspiracy, and that whatever they said when speaking to one was a lesson that they had carefully learned from headquarters. If there are critics so pathologically afflicted as to think this, I would say that some of the Germans I talked to did not speak very kindly of the régime. They belong to that category to which Herr Hitler referred the other day—those who do not realize that for the advantages the régime insures to them they must be prepared to make certain sacrifices, at least in the present stage of things.

Then I shall doubtless be told that I was pro-German to begin with. Well, if I must be written down as pro anything, it is pro-French, as a good number of Frenchmen of all parties could testify. Or rather, above all else I am pro-civilization, and because of this I more than ever believe, having seen the new Germany, that the only hope for Europe lies in a close union between England, France and Germany.

We are the chief creators and trustees of civilization; ours is the greatest achievement and the greatest responsibility, and it should be our right, therefore, to be the masters of things; the rest does not matter very much, but this does matter supremely. The hegemony of civilized values over the world—or at least the preservation of those values against the encroachments of the rest of the world—will only be possible if this triple union is realized. Germany, who is fast growing in moral and other power, is more and more becoming desirable (and necessary) as a partner of the other two leading nations of the West.

VI

'But what about all the awkward questions?' it will no doubt be asked. The war spirit? The *Anschluss?* Colonies? The treatment of the Jews? The suppression or enregimentation of opinion? The suspension, nay more, the abolition of the grand and sacred principles of democracy? I do not find these questions awkward, and I certainly have no desire to evade them. Only one of them, I think, is really difficult, at least for the time being, and that is the one concerning colonies. All Germans with whom I discussed this matter were of the opinion that Germany would beyond any doubt benefit substantially by a restoration or accession of colonial possessions; but always the consideration uppermost in their minds was that of prestige, or rather of the more fundamental thing, honor. It is probable, or rather certain, that in this matter a large body of English opinion is not prepared to see eye to eye with Germans, although the British Government, in spite of pressure, have refused to come to foregone conclusions. But Germany, I am persuaded, is anxious to secure and retain the goodwill and friendship of England, and this being so, it is most improbable that she will attempt to force this issue in the face of English disapproval.

As for the *Anschluss*, it is no doubt true that many Germans envisage a great confederation of all the peoples of Germanic race, speech and culture, and it is difficult to see how this can be

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condemned as immoral. The whole problem of fifteen million people of German race lying outside Germany must be squarely met sooner or later. The talk about race is not the nonsense that many pseudo- (and a few real) intellectuals would have us believe. Sir Arthur Keith, examining the *dicta* of these pundits, said a very wise thing lately, that should close the matter once for all: 'It is what a people feels itself to be that matters, not what anatomists say about it. In brief, race is not a matter of anatomy at all, but of feeling, or . . . of spirit.'

I have already said that my strong impression is that Herr Hitler and the immense majority of the German people desire peace. I was worried by the doctrine and spirit of Ludendorff's latest work, *Der totale Krieg*, in which he advocates war not merely as something instrumental, but as an aim; and I took care to mention my misgivings to many Germans. Is there really an incalculable force of semi-mystical madness in the country, with which reason could never come to terms? Nowhere did I find even the beginnings of sympathy for Ludendorffs conception of war; on the contrary, I was earnestly assured that his real followers are an altogether negligible part of the population. What about the defiant references to Bolshevism? To anyone who sees the red line of danger extending over Europe from Moscow to Madrid, passing through Prague and Paris, such defiance can seem nothing but natural and salutary.

As for the question of the rejection of democratic doctrines, it is very largely a matter of fundamental values regarding which profound differences of opinion are permissible. I happen to be one of those who have no belief in the principles of democracy and no love for the thing in practice, and so I am not upset by what is going on in Germany—quite the contrary; but this is not the place to attempt to justify my feeling in this regard. As for suppression of opinion, the English Government a few days ago suppressed a newspaper in Palestine that was bold enough to criticize its policy. But this provoked no eruption of righteous indignation in England. Germany for some years has been in a position not altogether unlike that of England in Palestine, only on a much vaster scale, and with incomparably more vital issues at stake. Her procedure with regard to opinion is perfectly understandable.

As for the Jews, I would quote a sentence from Lord Sydenham of Combe's *Foreword* to Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Lane's *The Alien Menace*, a book that every good Englishman, and for the matter of that every good European, should read. 'All whose memory goes back for even sixty years must be conscious of subtle changes in the national character, even in some aspects of public policy.' The Germans have had a like feeling, and they have had even more serious reasons for entertaining it than have Englishmen, and they have acted accordingly. (Even Voltaire, one of the apostles of humanitarianism, held that in Western countries the Jews should be accorded no more than the status of resident aliens.) No doubt there has been an excess of zeal in certain cases, but that is inevitable when a country is passing through the stages of revolution.

The English should be the last to

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throw stones at the Germans in this connection: their fathers (who were men of sound judgment on many questions) expelled the Jews from the land in the thirteenth century, and this expulsion was not conducted with exemplary kindness. And they kept the ports of England closed to this race till the time of Cromwell.

On the day Herr Hitler's 'Proclamation' was read at Nuremberg, Sir Josiah Stamp delivered his presidential address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Josiah dwelt on the fact that 'several of the past presidents had pointed out the need for a readjustment' not only of scientific but even 'of ethical values.' And the trend of his own address was along these lines: 'Opportunist treatment' of problems, 'a hit-and-miss process of personal adaptation,' must give way to national foresight, to more extensive governmental control. Governments must become 'more fearless, far-sighted and flexible.' 'Enormous potentialities' come to nought owing to 'improvident tardiness'; if they are to be realized, society must acquire 'a mentality adjusted for change.' 'A benevolent dictator,' with the resources made available by modern science, could 'at a relatively small expense' work wonders of social betterment. 'The analysis of society' offered by economics a quarter of a century ago 'was no longer adequate, for its basic postulates were being rapidly changed.' More, 'the whole body of ethics needs to be reworked in the light of modern corporate relations, from Church and company to cadet corps and the League of Nations.'

Certainly the new Germany is not fighting shy of this work of revaluation, from the Church downward, and is not hesitating before the more or less drastic processes of readjustment that are dictated by the new values. And one may ask what other country is better preparing itself, or rather is nearly so well preparing itself, for adaption to and control over the forces that are shaping the world of the future.

For These, Much Thanks

Sir Basil Zaharoff was a 'best seller' in the literal sense, being the most accomplished commercial traveler of his day. But he also provided the raw material for a great deal of the commodity so described in fiction and journalism. His exotic name and figure were invaluable to those who find their spiritual recreation in what Mr. Wells has called 'irrational moral rages.' His real importance lay in the help he gave to the expansion of those armament industries without which both our peril of twenty years ago and our anxieties of today would have been redoubled.

From the *Observer*, London

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A macabre tale of the sea, and of some strange happenings on the Grand Banks.

The *Philemon's* Boy

By Roger Vercel

Translated by Henry Bennett

From *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

IT WAS my fifth year of Newfoundland. A captain on the lookout for a crew came to our parts. Not a soul knew him; he was from Fécamp, and as a rule no Fécamp captain comes to find men among the Malouins or in the Rance country. Bretons and Normans don't seem to get on well, and at that time, on the Banks, they looked daggers at one another. As far back as anyone could recall, there had been trouble between them in the pubs of Saint-Pierre. Anyway, to make a long story short, this captain came to my house about the end of January, introduced himself, and offered me a job on his boat. Well, he paid better than the others I'd seen up till then; he gave a decent advance and fifty francs earnest money. Not everyone would do as much!

Still, there was something about the fellow I didn't quite take to. A captain who is after a crew is always pleasant and easy-talking. He'll treat you as if you were a friend, just that one time in the year. But this fellow—you had to drag every word out of him. He kept his eyes on the toes of his boots and didn't look at you once. Not that it was fear. He was twice my size and broad in proportion. And he asked the silliest questions: 'You don't know my name? You've never heard of me?'

My wife was standing behind me, and she signaled to me not to be taken in; she made faces meaning that she hadn't any faith in him. But there, I'd had fights with the mate of my old boat. And it wasn't anything new to have bad years for cod; some of the owners had even been talking about laying up. I'd begun to worry about staying on shore. I said: 'Ten francs more for tobacco, and I'll sign on.'

Captains know just what tobacco means, and figure it on in the wages. But this one was different. He got up, saying: 'Not another sou! I'm paying more than anyone else as it is! I'm paying too much already! If it isn't good enough for you. . . .'

He started to go. My wife tried her

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hand at bargaining, first for ten francs, then for five. He didn't so much as answer her. Of course, I signed on.

We sailed from Fécamp about the end of March. The crew were all Bretons, except for two of the old hands, who had taken on with the captain again; everyone else, from the mate to the salter, was new. It made us wonder a bit, for the custom is for a captain to select his crew from men he knows. Out of thirty men, he may get rid of ten, but he'll do all he can to keep the other twenty, the good fishermen, for the next trip. It's the same thing with the men. When you get a good captain who knows how to take you where the fish are and treats you decently, you'd rather ship with him again than with someone you don't know.

On the way out to the Grand Banks —and it took us a month to get there—there was a dirty northwesterly wind that held in one quarter, so that we had to tack about. We tried to get the two old hands to tell us why they were aboard, and why the rest of the old crew were not; why a Fécamp captain should have gone to find a crew in the Breton country instead of staying at home, where he would have had only to pick and choose to get good men. But their mouths might just as well have been sewn up. 'Ask him!' they said.

They stuck close together and spoke to no one, the two Fécamp men. As for the old man, we never heard his voice but when we were working the ship. The rest of the time he simply didn't know us. But he was a good sailor. He handled the ship so well that we gained a week after all, in spite of the weather.

His boat was called the *Philemon*. Twenty-eight men were aboard her, and the boy. In those days a boy aboard a Newfoundland boat was thought less of than a dog. It was understood that he was there to be trained, and everyone took a hand in training him, with kicks and blows. For the least thing he would get an hour of punishment, aloft, in the wind and the cold and the roll of the sea, and he might break his back twenty times over if he didn't cling to it up there with all his strength. Or someone would shove an oar in his arms and make him shoot the moon, taking aim for a quarter of an hour at a time. When his arms were too tired to hold the oar, he'd get more kicks. And that was on the good boats, where the fellows were decent. On the others, they would beat him within an inch of his life, make him sit on the galley-stove, tow him along in the sea at the end of a rope, pulling him up when he was three parts drowned. It's terrible, the ideas twenty men can get into their heads when they're drunk and want to take it out on a kid! If you tried to make them listen to reason, they'd say: 'I was a boy too, and I got thrashed. I didn't die of it.'

The boy they'd got in Fécamp for this trip was a sharp little redhead, as mischievous as a monkey. On the outward runs the boys would have a decent time of it; the men didn't work and drank only for pleasure. They weren't bad then. But, I tell you, once on the Banks, all that was changed. Everyone took a hand at laying into the boy, simply to have someone to beat, someone who would be more wretched than they were. It's not a pleasant subject, but with conditions as they were, a fellow simply had to take it out on somebody. Did the men

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fight among themselves? Oh, sometimes, but captains didn't like that sort of thing. But with the boy—that was understood! He'd get a bellyful!

II

The *Philemon*'s boy had realized this from the first day of the fishing, and for once he was a boy who deserved a beating. You know the kid does the cooking aboard these boats. Yes, a boy of thirteen cooks for thirty sailors! Nothing complicated, of course; a pot of water on the fire, a few cod's heads in it, with some lard, and a few kidney beans for a change. And that's all! Anyway, even that kind of cooking has to be done, and twice in succession this kid, who was as lazy as an adder, hadn't done it. His wood was damp or the roll of the sea had knocked his pot over—oh, he was full of excuses! If it had happened in the busiest time, when the men are pretty much knocked out, like sponges with the three months of steady drinking they've had, it'd have gone far worse with him. But they were satisfied, as it was, to take his trousers off and beat him with the end of a rope. When I think of it now, considering the life boys led aboard ship in those days, there doesn't seem much wrong with it. They treated him quite gently, in fact. It was a Cancale man who thrashed the lad, a fellow named Lemir. When the boy had got his beating —and he yelled like a mad thing— Lemir, who had two boys of his own, said, as if he had been talking to one of his own kids: 'Now, see that the soup's cooked tomorrow! If not, I'll introduce you to the hosepipe!'

The boy hadn't wept; he was as white as a sheet; but he was still furious and defiant. He said: 'I'll complain to the captain!'

You should have heard the fellows roar! There had never been anything like it since Newfoundlanders were known on the Banks! A little louse like that to go to complain of a beating— to wake up the old man, who was sleeping in his cabin until it was time for his night trick! Even Lemir wasn't angry. He was a good fellow, and, besides, the kid's cheek amused him. 'Go ahead!' he told the boy, 'and bring him back with you! Then we can both apologize. You deserve that much!'

I don't know what we looked like, the fifteen of us in the bunk, when the captain came in behind the boy. If it had been the President of the Republic, or the Bishop, or our wives, we couldn't have been more astonished. The captain went straight up to Lemir. 'Did you beat this boy?' he asked.

Lemir knew himself to be well within his rights. He said: 'Yes, captain.'

Then, without a word, like an automaton, with blows that would have felled a bull, the captain set about smashing Lemir's face. He did it rhythmically, serenely; you could have counted one, two, three, as the blows fell. Lemir tried to protect his head with his fists and arms, and, as he spat blood, tried to explain that he had done far less than he might have done, that the boy didn't give a damn for any of us, that he himself had children whom he chastised when they needed it. But the captain seemed not to hear a word. He went on striking, and his blows were placed perfectly, over and under, wherever the other's arms gave him an opening.

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But the most extraordinary thing of all was the captain's face. He seemed to be thinking of something else, working like a man stropping his razor or a fellow hauling in a rope, one hand after another. When Lemir fell between the benches, the captain put his hands in his pockets, and said: 'Now let it be understood! If anyone is unlucky enough to lay a hand on the boy, he'll reckon with me! And next time it won't be a face. It'll be a belly, and I'll use my boots!'

III

He went out. If a thunderbolt had crashed down on the table, it would have surprised us less. It was like the end of the world. We looked at one another, open-mouthed. Lemir, his cheek split open, wiping away the blood, tried to understand.

'Whoever heard of such a thing! The old man must be out of his mind!'

The two Fécamp men were still there. They said nothing. They hadn't even moved. I can still see them smoking their pipes, their chins on the edge of the table, their elbows spread wide. Lemir said to them: 'You saw what he did, you fellows! Does he always carry on like that with his men, every trip?'

One of them shrugged his shoulders.

'You should have let the kid alone.'

At that Lemir lost patience. He strode up to the fellow, who had risen, awaiting him, and grasped him by the coat: 'You're with him, too, are you? He was right, was he, the swine? This must be the one ship in the lot where a fellow can't thrash a damned lazy boy!'

The other drew away from him with a movement of his shoulders, saying:—

'Well, you'll see.'

And we did see! Never, since the world was a world, was there a boy on any trawler who gave less of a damn for everybody than this one. He knew he had backing, so, at the first box of the ears, he began to yell. Then the old man would come on the scene and go to work with his boots. His blows were so hard that I've heard men, knocked down by him, cry, under a rain of kicks: 'Kill me, captain! Kill me and have done with it!'

It must seem funny to you, but what was hardest of all to swallow was that the captain would never lay the tip of his finger on anyone except where the boy was concerned. He was simply the king of the boat, that little devil! And he knew how to profit by it, too, I'll tell you! He was wily, the little bastard! He had the whole crew where he wanted them, sure as he was that no one dared touch him, and you wouldn't believe the things he'd think up to torment them. On all the Newfoundland boats, it's the boy's job to fill the men's pipes and help them off with their sea-boots. But this one began by declaring that he wouldn't do such jobs and that everyone could do them for himself. And didn't he threaten us, one day, if you'll pardon me, to do something nasty in the soup!

Now he's the captain of a French Cod Company trawler, and when he talks of those times with the *Philemon's* old hands, he always says: 'I still can't understand why you didn't kill me!'

Nowadays he admits it, but then you couldn't get a polite word out of him, nor yet four sous' worth of work. If he was washing fish, the captain would come along, and tell him:

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'You've done enough. Get to your bunk!'

What's more, and maybe you'll find this hard to understand, that kid was far more frightened of the captain than we were. The old man never said a word to him except to excuse him from work; but for that I don't think he'd have noticed him. So the boy didn't know, any more than we did, how he came to be in such luck. All he knew was that he could take it easy and be as cheeky as he pleased to everyone. That was plenty for him, and he didn't stint himself.

It could have ended badly. The men might have found themselves unable to put up with any more of it, and the kid have been thrown overboard one fine night, without anyone's being the wiser, if it hadn't wound up differently.

IV

On a grand May day, when we were fishing off the Bonnet Flamand, there came a sudden rumble of thunder, one of those spring cyclones that smash up everything on the Banks. Like everyone else, we ran for it, scudding before the wind. The men were aloft, fifty feet above deck, working on the topsail, which was flapping like mad. It wasn't my watch. I was lying down in my bunk, when I heard a loud yell, and then the fellows above shouted: 'A man's falling!'

You may guess his fall wasn't broken until he hit the deck. He fell from one yard to the next, and when I heard the soft thud of his body, to starboard, he was dead already, smashed, as if he'd been emptied of his bones, like a doll stuffed with bran. He was one of the Fécamp men.

We buried him next day, for the sea had suddenly calmed. You know how that sort of thing's done. The boat is heaved to, the body is sewn in sailcloth, a sort of bag ballasted with leaden weights and tied to a plank. The plank is set on the rail, and the boy says the prayers. It's always the boy who does that; he's the only one who knows them, coming fresh from his catechism; the men have had time to forget theirs.

It went off this time as it had always done; the little fellow recited 'Our Father' and then the 'Hail Mary.' We all set our hands to the plank, lifting it together; it fell; we watched the hole in the water for a moment or two, and then the eddy, and it was gone.

'You said it well, young fellow. You can say it for me like that, next time. It's my turn now.'

Everyone stared. He had the eyes of a madman. We thought it was the death of his friend that had done it; it's often like that on the Banks.

'Of course you won't believe me,' he said, quite calmly. 'But it's true. I'll be on my way to feed the fishes soon. And then it'll be the captain. He knows the boat's got a curse on it, the same as I do.'

Hearing that did something to us. Lemir, one of the hastiest of us, told him to shut up, and threatened to smash his face. But the fellow only shrugged his shoulders.

'What good will that do? It won't alter anything. Besides, you might as well know about it. The captain made me swear to say nothing, like he did the other fellow, but now the bad luck's started, what's the sense of keeping quiet? Here it is, then: there's a curse on us because, last trip, we killed the boy.'

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At that moment the boy came in with the jug of wine for the night. He dropped it without anyone noticing him.

Of course, we knew that boys had been killed aboard trawlers before now. Everyone isn't careful about a blow or a kick in the belly. If a man knew that after tying a boy aloft for punishment, he'd find him dead six hours later, he wouldn't tie him there, or anyway he'd untie him soon enough. Things like that were the fault of the men, of course, but they were partly accident.

Aboard the *Philemon* once, when the captain had made them go out in the boats in the damnedest weather, the men had come in drunk and raging. And for nothing at all but that the boy had had the ill-luck to be there and to cry out at the first punch, they had all set upon him mercilessly, crushing him to the deck, kicking him, trampling him, growing more brutal and excited at each blow. And then they had crucified him in the shrouds. He may have been dead before they tied him there. The captain saw everything, said not a word, but he laughed. Yes, the Fécamp man swore, he roared with laughter, like drunken men laugh; for he had been drinking too, alone, to keep himself awake for the twenty hours he was to spend on deck—he, who didn't have to work.

They buried the boy at sea, and, as they were all equally guilty, agreed among themselves to keep the thing quiet. The boy had been an orphan; no one would ask after him. It was understood that he had fallen from a mast, and the captain made it appear so in the log. But next trip the men shunned the boat as though there'd been the plague aboard. There had been only two of them left; now there was one.

'Now perhaps you understand,' said the Fécamp man to Lemir, 'why the captain won't let a man lay a finger on the kid?'

He pointed to the boy, who had been listening, terrified, his eyes as round as saucers.

V

When fear begins to work in a crew, it's a dreadful thing, and that night fear laid hold of us, all of us. You know when there's a curse on a boat, it'll get you, sooner or later. From that night on we talked about sending a delegation to the captain, to tell him that we knew the whole story and wanted to leave the boat. It was mad, of course; where could we have gone? We were in the west of the Banks, as far as could be from Saint-Pierre or from Newfoundland, and if we were doomed to sink, we could have gone down a hundred times before making a port. I remember just one thing: the men made the boy sit with them, in the middle of the table, and each of them talked to him as if he had been his son, with a kindness caused partly by fear and partly by the boy's having become a sort of mascot. But when the discussion was over, the Fécamp man got up, and said: 'I am going to talk to the captain.'

An hour later he came back, and said: 'We're going to look for the hospital ship.'

That was the year the Œuvres de Mer had launched the *Saint-Pierre*, a three-masted schooner with an infirmary, a doctor and a chaplain. It was the chaplain we had need of. We had a queer sort of sailing for the next

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two weeks—taking the captain and the other fellow to confession! The sails began to come in sight, and we went from one boat to another, asking if they'd seen anything of the *Saint-Pierre*. We found her on the eighteenth of May, and in the morning the Fécamp man and the captain took the dory to go aboard her. They didn't come back until afternoon, and all the captain said was: 'It's not lost time, but all the same there's time to be made up. I expect everyone to do his share.'

Then he looked at all of us. We'd never seen his eyes once since the trip began, and the look he gave us was like a blow, he was so sad but at the same time so determined. 'I know you know about it,' he said, 'so I can tell you that I have done what was right, and that the chaplain has given me his word you'll not have to suffer for it. Now, to work!'

We went back, and it was hard fishing. Never, in my thirty years of the Banks, have I seen such tides. We couldn't move without coming upon shoals of fish, and, in spite of the delay, we were among the first to be loaded. And the fish reassured us better than anything, for they weighed down our nets. It seemed as though the curse had been lifted.

As for the boy, he grew fat. No one shouted at him, he did his share of the work, and there was no cause to find fault with him. As a matter of fact, we were still possessed by fear, and, although no one mentioned it, we all wondered if we should really land safely.

We weren't sure until we made Saint-Malo at the end of September. The weather had been grand all the way. The luck still held!

We came alongside, then, and what should we see awaiting us on the quay, among the Customs men's blue capes, but four gendarmes' caps! The first on the gangway and the first to meet them was the captain, dressed in his best. He said to them: 'You're here, then! You got my letter! Fine! I'll be with you in a minute.'

There were a good many people on the dock, as there always are when a boat comes in. They were all watching. The thing had spread already. They whispered. 'They killed the boy. . . .' The women said, 'Oh!'

Some of them shrugged their shoulders. 'The boy? But there he is!' He had just come from below, and, I tell you, he looked well! His cheeks were a fine advertisement for the *Philemon's* cooking!

He, too, looked at the gendarmes, and, like the others, he seemed uncomfortable. Sailors are never anxious to meet such folk.

Turning, the captain saw him, and called to him.

'Will you kiss me?' he asked.

'Why, certainly!' said the kid.

Then the captain lifted the kid from the ground, kissed him on either cheek, and passed him to the Fécamp man, who was coming ashore in his clean clothes, carrying his bag. The sailor kissed the boy, and the captain said: 'Come along, then! Let's go!'

They went off between the gendarmes.

But you'll never get me to admit that they were bad men, or that the real culprit wasn't that hellish job of ours.

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Persons and Personages

Winston Churchill

By André Maurois

Translated from *Marianne*, Paris Liberal Daily

OF ALL the speeches made in the House of Commons few receive greater attention than those of Winston Churchill. A murmur of pleasure and anticipation runs through the benches when he gets up to speak—this stout little man whose face is so curious a combination of strength and intelligence. A stranger hearing him for the first time would be astonished by his first few sentences, and would probably say to himself, 'Is this what England calls one of her great orators?' For at first Churchill gropes for words, hesitates, stammers, and taps his foot on the floor, as though he were impatiently calling an obstinate phrase. Then suddenly there emerges from this confused splutter of sound a speech that is at once vigorous, ironic, and unforgettable. 'Yes, this man undoubtedly has genius,' our stranger would then have to admit, with ungrudging admiration.

Genius—during all of his remarkable career that has been both the strength and the weakness of Winston Churchill. While still very young, he had already gained some public notice as a lieutenant of the Lancers and a war correspondent; so that when he made his first appearance on the political scene, in 1900, superior people were greatly surprised and mediocrities frightened by his intelligence and the originality of his ideas. He belongs to a family in which genius is hereditary. His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, son of the Duke of Marlborough, and descendent of one of the wisest men who ever 'went off to the wars,' had been a Conservative after Disraeli's own heart—that is to say, a reformer.

But he was too impatient of discipline to find favor with his party. Like his father, the son antagonized the orthodox members of all parties. He changed sides several times, going from Conservative to Liberal, from Liberal to Independent, and once more from Independent to Conservative. As a matter of fact, no matter on what side he happens to be, he is always on top. That is a difficult position for a man who isn't able to use it to good advantage, but excellent for one who is capable of looking ahead and giving his country opportune warnings when necessary.

He entered Parliament at twenty-six. At first he astonished the Mem-

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bers by his lack of conventionality, his combination of whimsy and seriousness. Very soon, however, the House of Commons realized that this 'Lancer' was an orator in the best classic manner, as well as an excellent author and a dependable friend.

At thirty-four he was a Cabinet Minister, and worked together with Lloyd George on the latter's famous budget. But already the statesman was beginning to take the place of the youthful demagogue. There is nothing more interesting than to read (in the memoirs of W. S. Blunt, for example) the ideas which Winston Churchill had in 1912 about the future of the British Empire.

'We shall be obliged,' he said, 'to make war on Germany in order to prevent the destruction of France.' And when people reproached him for not having prevented the Italian raid on Tripoli, he replied, 'England cannot afford to make another enemy.' There is still in existence a memorandum of his to the Committee of Imperial Defence, dated August 13, 1911, in which he sketches the probable course of a campaign. A remarkable document, for in it this English Cabinet Minister pointed out how imperative it was for France to construct a line of defences along her northern and northeastern frontiers; he foresaw the dangers of a French attack on Lorraine, and suggested that after a slow retreat of between twenty and forty days the French army could resume the offensive against a German army disorganized by losses and the remoteness of its bases.

Here our lieutenant proved himself a good general and a worthy descendant of the great Marlborough.

During the first months of the Great War he was First Lord of the Admiralty. Thanks to him, and to Lord Fisher, the British fleet was well prepared. He it was who on July 28, 1914, undertook, without consulting the rest of the Cabinet, to send the fleet to its station in the North Sea, to remove it from the possible danger of a sudden attack on the seaports.

When for several days the Asquith Cabinet vacillated between neutrality and an alliance, Winston Churchill was one of those who repeated untiringly that the defeat of France would bring with it the loss of English liberties. On the night of August fourth, at eleven o'clock (midnight in German time), just as the sound of the first stroke of Big Ben could be heard through the open windows of the Admiralty, Churchill sent the telegram, 'Open hostilities against Germany.'

THIS statesman was also a soldier, and a soldier impatient for action. After the naval campaign of October, 1914, he succeeded in persuading the Cabinet to send him to Antwerp to examine the military situation on the spot. With the irresponsibility which is altogether characteristic of

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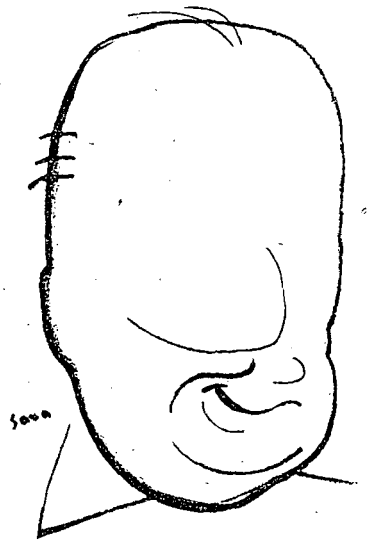
him, he forgot, in the excitement of action, that he was a Cabinet Minister, and took command of the defence. Asquith and his colleagues soon recalled him to his post of duty. At this time the Western Front seemed to be bristling with impregnable defences. To turn the tide Winston Churchill suggested the Dardanelles maneuver. The plan was a good one. It failed, not because there was anything wrong with the idea itself, but because it was badly executed; this failure brought with it Churchill's resignation.



WINSTON CHURCHILL
Sava in the *London Mercury*

The author of this article was at that time one of the interpreters for the Ninth Scottish Division. He remembers the excitement of the officers when Lieutenant-Colonel Winston Churchill took command of a battalion of Royal Scots Fusiliers. The first reaction was that of scorn. 'A politician! . . .' The second was that of recognition that he was charming and brave. They found only one cause for complaint: Colonel Churchill wore a French helmet.

Limitations of space prevent me from telling how the Colonel became a Minister once more, how the Minister fell with the Coalition Cabinet in 1922, how he retired for several years to write a very fine book on the War (*The World Crisis*), to paint, and to prepare a biography of his famous ancestor Marlborough; how in 1924 he entered Parliament once more, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer; and how, finally, although not a member of the Cabinet, he is today one of the most influential and most highly respected members of the Conservative Party.

He is one British statesman who cannot complain of the monotony of public life. He has been lieutenant, journalist, Member of Parliament, Cabinet Minister, colonel, author, painter, and sailor. In a country ruled by convention and stability, anyone but Winston Churchill would have been ruined by this brilliant and erratic career. But this Alcibiades knew how to become a Pericles. He triumphed over the vagaries of his own genius by the force of his intellectual honesty. To his friends as well as to his enemies he has proved that the rapidity of his judgment does not lessen its dependability.

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General Rydz-Smigly

By Maurice Lewandowski

Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris Conservative Fortnightly Review

FIRST of all let us call the General by his right name, which is Edward Rydz, for 'Smigly' is merely a nickname meaning 'nimble'—which makes him a kin of Homer's swift-footed Achilles.

General Rydz was born in 1886 and is fifty years old today. His birthplace was Brzezany, in the Lvov district, along the southwestern frontier of the Austrian part of Poland—that is to say, one of the Polish outposts against foreign invasion, where memories of the past and hopes for the future raised patriotic sentiment to its highest pitch. After having finished high school he went to Cracow, where he wanted to study painting at the Academy of Fine Arts and philosophy at the Jagiellonian University.

Meeting Josef Pilsudski decided his career. He became a member of a military association founded by the Marshal-to-be and renounced arts and letters to be an officer in an army which the latter had formed with a few volunteers.

In August, 1914, at the time of Austria's entry into the War against Russia, we see the two young chiefs, in the midst of all the vicissitudes of advance and retreat and changes of front, always governed by one thought: that all they do or wish to do must serve one single purpose—the liberation of Poland from the triple yoke of three empires. Unflinching courage and absolute calm in the midst of danger—these were the military qualities which, together with his vast experience, his tactical knowledge and his authority in command, had made Pilsudski's pupil a true leader.

On November 11, 1918, one of the greatest historical events of modern times occurred. Poland, mutilated and dismembered for the last century and a half, she whose ashes, as Jaurès so powerfully put it, had been buried in three graves, this Poland finally regained its national unity at the very time when other great Empires were by an act of inherent justice forced to submit in their turn to the same ordeal of dismemberment. In this drama of Polish independence Rydz-Smigly played the leading rôle at Pilsudski's side, for it was thanks to the preliminary organization of which he was the soul while his chief was in a Magdeburg prison that Poland could take immediate measures to assure its existence as a nation and be prepared to defend itself against the new offensive from the enemy—not an empty fear if one remembers the

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Bolshevik attack of 1920. One can safely say that it was General Rydz-Smigly who in the last stage of the dramatic struggle forced the Russians to ask for an armistice and finally for peace. According to Marshal Pilsudski, the military operations of the divisions which he commanded made one of the most glorious pages in the history of the Polish army.

After the War it was necessary first and foremost to put at the head of the new army a General Staff which, without being directly connected with the political life of the country or the fate of its ephemeral Ministries, had as its only task that of reinforcing the military powers of the nation, which were the guarantee of its independence. This mission was fulfilled by Marshal Pilsudski, and he kept by his side the man who had been his faithful collaborator in thought and action during the four years of the war of liberation. In 1921 General Rydz-Smigly was appointed Inspector General of the Army, first for the Vilna and then for the Warsaw district—a post which he filled for almost fifteen years without ever getting out of his rôle, which demanded methodical work in the control and application of various inner mechanisms. Fifteen years of furious work without taking any part in politics or being exposed to the contagion of the virus of politics—is that not the best praise that one could give to the future leader of Poland?

The General came out of his obscurity in 1935 at the death of Marshal Pilsudski, who had for a long time regarded him as his successor not only in his military functions but also in maintaining the vital rôle that the army was to assume in the country over and above political activities. The year before his death Pilsudski had already designated Rydz-Smigly to take his place as 'the Chief of the Army and the foremost defender of the country.' Rydz-Smigly was prepared for this heavy task, first because he had always been a confidant of the Marshal's thoughts and plans, and second because he had had the time to see the events around him in the necessary perspective without being impeded by exercise of power or search for popularity.

Rydz-Smigly is not only a great military leader whose powerful ideas have been vindicated by his many triumphs; as a man, as a citizen, he possesses the same attractive qualities one finds in the soldier. Let us first look at his private life. Rydz-Smigly is, first and foremost, a man of upright character and simple tastes. He shuns official ceremonies and social obligations and neglects to court shallow popularity; he refrains from stepping forward to be seen, preferring rather to stay in the background and watch.

More intimate details? This is what one learns from his friends. Usually the General wears a uniform without any badges or any other signs of distinction. At the most he wears his highest War decoration, the order of *Virtuti Militari*. He smokes the cheapest cigarettes. His room,

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too, is striking in its modest appearance. It has an iron camp bed, and its few pieces of furniture and other objects are arranged around the room with good taste and simplicity.

In his leisure moments, which are obviously bound to be rare, with all the work the Inspector-General of the Army has to do, General Rydz-Smigly seeks relaxation in art, literature and the company of his intimate friends.

He is an enthusiastic and profound scholar of Napoleonic history. There is no important work on military science, political or social history which he does not know and which cannot be found in his library. When he discusses with specialists any question dealing with the Napoleonic era it rarely happens that he has not the greater knowledge of his famous teacher in the art of warfare. Napoleon is his god, if one may judge from the fact that in his study there are two busts and four portraits of him. One of these was given to the General for his birthday by a group of friends who knew what pleasure it would give him to possess this valuable piece of sculpture.

The General is interested in art and is especially fond of the Renaissance period. Having kept the artistic tastes of his youth, he loves painting and particularly admires French painting of the second half of the nineteenth century. When the schedule for his trip to France was being made up he asked that at least two hours be set aside for a visit to the Louvre. Let us note another revealing detail in his spiritual life: he went to hear mass in the Polish church while in Paris.

A home-loving man by nature, the General owns a little property in the Vilna suburbs near Lida—a small four-room house with a park around it. There he seeks the rest, the relaxation and the pleasure afforded him by hunting birds and swamp game. An excellent shot, he does not like to use a rifle and prefers a shotgun. Also he never hunts wolves or roebucks but only shoots water game. One can see from these facts that in reality the Polish hero leads the life of a very simple mortal.

Finally, if in the exercise of his functions General Rydz-Smigly shows himself an inflexible chief with a will of iron, in private he is a charming host and an excellent talker; but to tell the truth, he prefers to spend his time with persons on his own level of technical knowledge rather than shining at the great receptions.

Curiously enough, the General has his counterpart at the other end of Europe, for a replica to this portrait could be found in Oliveira Salazar of Portugal. The personality of this other 'man of the hour' is cast in the same mould: a simple life, a strong dislike of official or social functions, the concentration of all his thoughts and actions on his task—which is that of a leader trying to avoid the reputation of being a dictator.

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Portrait of an Academician

By Marcelle Prat

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

[*The subject of the following interview, Jacques de Lacretelle, is the author of numerous books, of which the latest, and the most ambitious, is* Les Hauts-Ponts, *a novel in four volumes which André Maurois has described as 'one of the most beautiful of our time.' Mr. de Lacretelle has just been elected to the French Academy.* The Editors]

'YOU want to see me?' Jacques de Lacretelle asked over the telephone. 'Very well, come tomorrow. Today, unfortunately, I haven't a moment to myself: I have to go around seeing people the whole day.'

'Alas,' I said, 'Tomorrow will be too late.'

I heard him laugh.

'Well, then, write as if you had seen me!'

'But I can't invent an interview!'

'Oh yes, you can,' he insisted. 'Say anything you want; write a novel about me, if you wish. A product of the imagination is always so much better than stern reality!'

I must confess that this light-hearted contempt for the conventions surprised me and filled me with admiration when I thought of the risk Lacretelle was taking in giving *carte blanche* to someone who might prove indiscreet.

'The only thing that I should like you to say about me,' he continued, 'is that I am a passionate lover of solitude. I don't belong to any party. I like the Bohemian way of life as well as the conventional one, provided that there is no sham about it. The most important thing to do is to steer a middle course: this sounds paradoxical, but there is deep meaning in it. . . .'

I suppose I should have hung up after having elicited these few brief statements from him. But I really felt that I did not have enough for a story.

'Allow me to do one thing, if you don't mind,' I said. 'Let me spend an afternoon at your house: in that way, I might be able to get some impression of the sort of person you are.'

'Certainly,' he told me. 'My house is at your disposal. You may make the rounds of my study, my living-room, my bedroom.'

The manager of the hotel opened the door and let me into Jacques de Lacretelle's study. I sat down at his desk; under a glass paper-weight,

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with the usual forget-me-nots and immortelles inside it, there lay a pile of congratulatory telegrams. Near them was a book entitled *Institut de France, 1936*. A rough draft of a letter to Paul Valéry had been begun on a scrap of paper.

Two portraits were hanging on the wall: Jacques de Lacretelle's ancestors. I read the inscription: *Institut Royal de France. Académie Française. Lacretelle père, Lacretelle fils.*

I left this fastidiously arranged room and went to the living-room. Then I pushed open a door and entered the bedroom.

Here, too, order reigned—order and the ancestors' portraits. The room belonged to the 1830 period: inlaid furniture, various artistic knick-knacks on the mantelpiece—altogether a dainty room, full of antiques, and meticulously arranged.

Suddenly the telephone rang, and then the door bell. A few minutes passed; both bells went on ringing, making an awful noise. What to do? Answer the telephone? No. It might be more amusing to see who it was who was being kept waiting at the door.

Oh! Amazed, I found myself face to face with Jacques de Lacretelle himself. Smiling, he said:—

'I hope I am not disturbing you. . . .'

Obviously in a good mood, he led the way to his study.

'Did you see what you wanted to see?'

'Yes. But what I'd like now is a detailed account of yourself. Tell me, how does a newly elected Academician spend his first day?'

'Making thirty calls!'

'But apart from that. . . ?'

'Aside from that, there is, as always, my wife, my daughter, and my work. Right now I am about to go to the country with my family. . . . Ah, yes. My work . . .' he continued. 'If I stop working, be it only for a day, everything goes to pieces. I get into a black mood and feel like killing people. At the same time I don't think I am malicious by nature. On the contrary I always find it easy to like people, for they invariably respond to good intentions. I can get along with anybody. If one has any imagination, one can't help but find some virtues in the people around one . . .'

'Do you see many people?'

'Why not? Indeed, I should say it is almost impossible for a man to live in complete isolation. I have a friend who had that experience. Well, today he is in very bad shape. No, the main thing is a good disposition and moderation in all you do.'

Jacques de Lacretelle stooped over a small box.

'Look here, I should be very pleased if you would come to my lecture. Here is a card of admission. I am going to speak on the subject of symbol-

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ism. Yes, whether we accept it or not we are all imbued with the spirit of that poetical movement, which has thrown our whole epoch into confusion. What are Mauriac's books if not poetry? Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Melisande* is an immortal work of art.'

I felt that at this point Jacques de Lacretelle had touched on a subject which was dear to him. There was a faraway look in his half-closed eyes.

'My work,' he repeated fervently. 'You see, I am not interested in sports. I don't play any game, like golf or tennis, or drive my own car. When I go to the country I write all the time. Country life merely means to me doing my work among the beauties of nature.'

Wishing to read me a passage from Chateaubriand, he looked for his glasses.

'Just listen to this!' he said jokingly. 'What an omen! On the day I was elected to the Academy I noticed that the lenses of my glasses were too weak. . . .'

Madame de Lacretelle came into the study. She spoke about her daughter, who had gone for a walk with her two grandmothers, as it was the nurse's afternoon off.

Lacretelle showed me his favorite books: Balzac, Racine. Over the bookshelves I saw more portraits.

'Your ancestors?' I asked.

'No, this time they are my wife's. My wife is a direct descendant of Racine: she is a great-granddaughter of Madame de Morambert, who was Racine's daughter and who married M. de Naurois.'

After apologizing to me for having nothing but the family atmosphere to offer, de Lacretelle exclaimed:

'Ah, if you want a picturesque detail, here is one . . . Do you see what is under that cupboard? No? Well, come over here. . . . That is rat poison. My house is infested with the disgusting creatures. They eat everything, and disturb my sleep. And not only mine but also Marcel Prevost's, who lives on the floor below!'

I smiled: decidedly, this was a lucky house—Academicians on every floor!

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A Spanish *littérateur* gives his views of the origins of the war in Spain; a French publicist tells of the work of the Belgian Cabinet; an American writes on Italian agricultural policy.

European Trilogy

I. The Mistakes of the Spanish Republic

By Pio Baroja

Translated from the *Nacion*, Buenos Aires Independent Daily

EVERYBODY knows how the Spanish Republic came into being. To the majority of the peoples of the world it seemed that a new era had dawned, that the new Government would be both benevolent and fruitful. It was going to remedy the evils of the country, to direct it along a path of just reforms. I was one of the sceptics, for I did not believe in the Republican leaders, who were for the most part members of literary clubs, professors, orators, and newspaper men.

The new régime ought to have set about its tasks cautiously and even fearfully, but instead of doing so it made an imprudent beginning, displaying a lot of swagger, and showing an immoderate desire for easy triumphs, together with bitterness and a foolishly despotic attitude towards its enemies.

I believe that the terrible situation which is ruining Spain was produced to a great extent by pride and vanity. From the very beginning the Government of our Republic failed to understand that the Spaniard is violent and sensitive, and that the new régime owed to its traditional enemy—the conservative, the Catholic, the reactionary—the consideration due to the vanquished. Our politicians did not understand the Machiavellian precept that the enemy who cannot be exterminated must be respected. Their senseless policies were all directed to irritating their conquered foe. They did not see that as their manifestations of bitterness and despotism increased a great portion of Spain was becoming so angry that its wrath had finally to burst forth in one way or another.

Another example of our Republicans' ignorance of psychology was, in

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my opinion, their eagerness to follow the revolutionary tradition. I believe that a revolution should be as untraditional as possible. They did not think so. They wanted to play the game of the French Convention, to make dogmatic declarations resembling those of the Rights of Man: 'Spain is a Republic of workers,' etc.

The flag must be changed. Why? Because of a legend about which nobody knows the truth, that in ancient times Castile used the purple band—so they added purple to the red and gold. Likewise in their desire to follow the revolutionary tradition they removed the crucifixes from the schools. Did they think that in the course of a few years they could make people forget the image of Christ crucified, when after twenty centuries, and in spite of the fierce persecutions of pagan images which Christianity instituted, the remote tradition of Venus still persists in Europe? The enterprise was not only useless but actually harmful.

It was also harmful and mistaken to create a Republic with a Socialist or Communist tinge. If the elections resulted in a Socialist majority, the Republicans should have established a dictatorship. This they did not dare to do.

Instead they talked and talked. First they said that they wanted a Conservative Republic; later, that was not enough: it had to be a Leftist Republic; then it became a Socialist Republic; and now it is Communist and Anarchist. As the situation grew worse, the color of the semaphor changed: at present it is a vivid red.

If in the aggregate of general theories there have been stupidity and mistakes, the same thing is true of the separate measures adopted. At the beginning of the first two years of the Republic, Azaña, as Minister of War, compelled a large number of army officers—seven or eight thousand—who seemed dissatisfied with the régime to be placed on the retired list, drawing their full salaries. This measure was not harmful for them from the economic point of view, but rather beneficial, for it permitted them to draw salaries from the State and at the same time to go into some other business. But it was an offence which, as soldiers, they never forgot.

The politicians adopted an equally stupid attitude in every one of their actions. 'Spain is no longer Catholic,' said Azaña, with an absurd disregard for facts. They persecuted not only the clergy, above all the poor clergy, but also the customs of the towns. They prohibited feasts and processions which had disturbed no one and which the towns and villages enjoyed.

As for the industrialists, the Government crushed them. I know something about the publishing industry. Eight or ten years ago there were in Madrid some twenty publishing houses; of these more than fifteen were small businesses, and only three or four were large ones. Because of the demands made by the workers, with the backing of the Government, for higher wages, shorter working hours, and the hiring of extra printers, all but two or three of the publishing houses have had to shut down. As a result authors, editors and printers have been left destitute. The logical procedure would be to reckon an industry's capacity first, and then make demands accordingly. But this idea does not enter the Socialists' pates. They kill

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the goose which lays the golden eggs. If the industries collapse, the State will create them anew. What an illusion! And what a superstition!

II

In many of these proletarian demands there has been no other object than to annoy. Thus in some businesses, such as the café business, the strikers, goaded by workers who had been locked out, actually went so far as to demand the reinstatement of the very men who had made attempts on the lives of their employers. It was a policy of spite. In the construction field the demands of the National Confederation of Workers were comical: a forty hour week; a minimum wage of 16 pesetas ($2.18) a day for peon and mason; if the worker's wife became ill, or bore a child, the employer had to shoulder the expenses; if the worker happened to be young and was drafted into the army, the employer had to continue to pay him half his wages; rheumatism and similar ailments were to be considered as occupational diseases for which the employer was to pay compensation. Besides all this, the employer was compelled to pay for the upkeep of asylums, schools and hospitals. They might as well have added that he was required to serve the worker his chocolate in bed, do his washing, and amuse the comrades' children!

In the end the Government wantonly persecuted and vexed the owners of rural property. I have heard some of them say:—

'Let them take away part of our land. But leave us a free hand with what we keep!'

But it was not to be. The Popular Front sent workers to the farms and compelled the owners to pay them whether or not there was work for them to do. Many of the owners, seeing that they could not stand the strain, abandoned their land; then they were fined. The Agrarian Reforms, about which the politicians cackled so much, were never put through, nor was there any plan, or any desire, to accomplish them: they were only a campaign issue.

An attempt was made to establish Socialist doctrines in the villages, but without success. To the village where I spend the summer, Vera de Bidasoa, came a Socialist delegate from Pamplona, imposing restrictions. The shops were to be open only eight hours a day, and to close on Sundays. This regulation showed how ignorant the politicians were of the habits of the shopkeepers in these towns. The village shopkeeper's shop is also a part of his house. He eats and lives in his small establishment. To close his shop is to close his home. Furthermore, the people who live in the country districts are in the habit of going to the villages very early in the morning, and their shyness and distrustfulness make them dislike carrying on their business transactions in the presence of others; nor do they care to have witnesses when they exchange their dozen eggs or piece of lamb for wine, coffee, or sugar. The firmly established ways of the peasants cannot be changed by a decree or an order. Again, Sunday is the peasants' favorite day for shopping and bartering, and the only good day for the shopkeepers. I do not know if the delegate from Pamplona did or did not believe that his orders were going to be obeyed. At any rate, the shopkeepers of Vera de Bidasoa and

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of the nearby villages clung to their old-time customs.

Many of the measures adopted in the cities and the country, the majority of them visionary and accompanied by a lot of boasting and impudence, have made almost the whole of Spain look with sympathy on the revolt against politicians who have achieved no good for anybody. Our revolution was a revolution of the *ateneistas* [the members of the Atheneum, the great literary club of Madrid]. In Spain *ateneista* is a synonym for fantastic, pedantic, lacking in understanding. All the reforms have remained on paper. In the official *Gazette*, and in the archives of the Ministries, the projects for Spanish happiness will lie as in a tomb: the land fertile and free, flourishing industries, and hundreds of thousands of schools, planned to produce geniuses and men of talent. In the streets and fields nothing is left but hunger and despair.

III

The Spaniard believes in the word, like Unamuno. To me this belief seems like a survival of our Semitic mentality. I never had much faith in the word, but now I believe in it. I believe that it is useful mainly to cause evil. The other day, when I saw the city of Irun burning from one end to the other, I meditated how on the one hand, the stupidity proclaimed in Congress, or in a meeting, and on the other, traditional customs, coming together, can bring destruction and ruin to a town created by the efforts and the labors of generations.

People will tell me that books, too, have contributed to this lamentable state of affairs. I do not believe it. These heroic peoples who are fighting so fiercely have not read books. The Rebels have not read Thomas Aquinas, and the Radicals have not read Kant or Hegel. Perhaps if they had read them they would not hurl themselves into the struggle. Reading checks fanaticism. There is nothing better calculated to produce a fanatic than incomplete or imperfect knowledge. The minds of the Rebels are stuffed with commonplaces, those of the Radicals with newspaper phrases.

Is it possible for all the individuals who go to make up a nation to be intelligent and understanding? I believe not. People say of northern countries like England, Sweden or Norway that the masses there have peaceful dispositions and good judgment, but this is probably owing not to their intelligence but rather to their temperament and to the climate.

I believe it can be shown that all countries live under a dictatorship, more or less veiled. Democracy is like a back-drop which gives perspective to the masses, and which makes them believe that they take part in the government of the country. But the truth is that the politician, once he is in power, breaks loose from the majority and steers his ship the way he likes.

The credulity of the masses is childish. The Spanish Republic has lived under a complete dictatorship, completely despotic and completely arbitrary. All this would have been very unimportant, if it had succeeded. In spite of its failure, it has convinced a great part of the people, who still believe in it, that it has triumphed. They speak of liberty of the press—and newspapers have been suppressed; inviolability of the home—and innocent people have been thrown in jail

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without cause or reason. This shows that the people, in spite of their infantile doctrinairism, accept everything supinely. Thus at this moment we behold the Communists enthusiastically defending liberty in speeches which have been ordered by their leaders. What sort of liberty can that be? Communism is a doctrine of submission, devised for the barracks or a cónvent. What sort of liberty can Communism offer?

Months ago, when Socialists and Fascists were shooting each other in the streets of Madrid, *El Mundo Obrero*, the Madrid Communist newspaper, advised the 'integral elimination' of the Fascists. The Fascists recommended the same prescription for *their* enemies; but not, I suppose, in the name of liberalism.

Among the Anarchists something similar is taking place. Now there is a kind of anarchism which combines despotic authority, censorship, executions, jails. It is persecution inspired by love, such as the Spanish absolutists proclaimed in 1823. By such means as these the strangest theories can be carried out. The strange thing would be an anarchism which could confine itself to its own Utopia. Humanitarian systems defended by force are rife today.

At present Communism is developing in a strange way. In its early stages we heard the leaders who were then in touch with Moscow, Bullejos and Trilla, proclaiming that we had to fight nationalism, property, religion and democracy, and that we had to prepare the gallows for the executions which would come with the social revolution. These Communists did not find it worth while to talk of liberty. Liberty was a petty bourgeois concept.

Now, all of a sudden, either through the influence of Russia, or whatever it might be, Communism turns to evolution and becomes realist, evolutionist, and relativist. One must no longer attack religion, or property, or democracy. On the contrary, one must defend them. Likewise liberty must be defended, that liberty which to Lenin was of no importance.

I understand very well the elasticity of the party in power; I know that it must come to terms with both sides, that it must accept doubtful collaboration, and that it must abandon some of its ideas. But this turn-about of the Communist Party, which is not in power, will not convince or calm its enemies. As it was done out of power, it seems to me downright, useless pedantry.

Neither Communism, nor Socialism, nor anarchism, can do anything at the moment to calm and give confidence to the people and the bourgeoisie. And this holds whether their followers proclaim the wisdom of military discipline or attend processions with wax candles in their hands.

At this moment, when Whites and Reds are fighting with desperate courage in Spain, it seems that there can be no midway solution. That is the worst of it: either a Red or a White dictatorship. There is no alternative. I am not a reactionary or a conservative. Neither have I any selfish interests in one faction or the other. I have no fortune, nor have I ever received any benefits from the State. I have been an odd enough Spaniard, with a desire to make a living by writing, something rather difficult and illusory in Spain. In spite of everything, I believe that today a White dictatorship is preferable for Spain. A dictator-

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ship of White Republicans one supposes it will be. With more or less severity in it, but with some sense, too. A Red dictatorship is the same everywhere—a Government which makes many mistakes, whose intentions are obscure and confused.

Someone will perhaps say that my preference is that of an old man who, as the saying goes, prefers the ills he knows to the good he does not know. It is possible, but at least my opinion is sincere and disinterested.

Kierkegaard used to say, with uncompromising puritanism: 'One thing or the other.' I, if my opinion were of any consequence in this matter of Spanish politics, would parody his words, and say: 'Neither one thing nor the other.'

II. Belgium's New Deal

By Bertrand de Jouvenel

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

In PROVENCE there is a hill which is all covered with jasmin. Six years ago I used to go there at night. I would sit on a stone parapet and look at the hill across the way, watching for a light that was always sure to shine out from the same spot.

That was Wells's study lamp.

I knew exactly what was going on under the light of that lamp: a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* would be seized upon, pawed through by plump, agile little hands, and, having yielded up the desired fact, would be thrown to the floor, there to join other volumes, so that a drawing of an amœba would be lying side by side with a photograph of a gigantic dynamo.

What Robinson Crusoe did on his island—checked up on all the natural resources, took stock of his equipment, calculated the number of necessary tasks—Wells was doing for the five continents. The thought that millions of human beings were living in stark poverty when by developing rationally the planet they lived on they could work out in common a decent and civilized existence used to arouse his ire. And he would dream of a new type of statesman who, like Le Nôtre, would be the 'gardener of the world.' It was because I kept in mind Wells's conception of the 'future leader' that I became an admirer of Henri de Man long before meeting him.

In modern democracy the programs of the parties seeking to attain power are lists of promises made to the different classes of voters. Subtitles in bold characters appeal in succession to workers, peasants, the middle classes, ex-service men and young people. The author of the party program does not worry about the means by which the said promises are to be fulfilled. It does not disconcert him in the least to have it pointed out that some of the promised measures are irreconcilable. In short, he is in the irresponsible position of a commercial artist painting an advertising poster. Before he comes to power public opinion is his sole consideration. It is when he is in office—and only then—that he begins to take stock of reality.

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Now de Man did a very simple and logical thing—which yet was amazing, original, revolutionary. He carried on an investigation to find out what tangible resources are available to a statesman in power. The heads of State have, even without being invested with dictatorial powers, a hundred means at their disposal to induce men to make a better and more rational use of their productive resources. Land, machines, human labor —all this can be used in the most profitable way. But on one condition —a plan must be worked out. De Man had reflected on this when he was a professor in a German university. Upon returning to Belgium, in 1933, he gathered around him hundreds of sympathizers from men who were intimately acquainted with the workings of the economic mechanism of the State.

In short, de Man was a sort of social engineer. His labors might have passed unnoticed if the coming of the depression had not thrown the entire machinery of production out of gear. The working masses, whose lot had been steadily improving during the last half century, saw themselves falling back again into the old condition of progressive impoverishment which gave rise to the theories of Marx and Engels. The Socialist parties proclaimed the bankruptcy of capitalism. But they hesitated before the Herculean task that, with the collapse of the existing economic system, would fall on those who assumed command.

It was then that Henri de Man proposed his plan. The Congress which the Belgian Labor Party held on Christmas Day in 1933 voted for the adoption of the plan and as the first step toward its realization elected its author vice-president of the Party.

A few weeks later one could see, written in chalk on the walls of factories, the words *Work Plan;* even the walls of farmhouses bore them in Flemish: *Plan vor Arbeid.* The entire population, suffering from the effects of the depression, which the remedies of the deflationist Purgons had only served to aggravate, began to feel hope again. The contrast between de Man's way of thinking and that of the Social-Democratic chiefs was made apparent in the very name of the Plan: de Man called it the Work Plan, thereby showing his intention of giving everyone work and of achieving the maximum of social efficiency from it. If a Vandervelde or a Wauters had been asked to name the plan they would rather have stressed the element of leisure or higher wages in it. Instead of putting special emphasis on work as an achievement in itself they would have emphasized the fruits of labor. These old leaders of Social Democracy, to tell the truth, looked askance at the sunburned and muscular young professor, who showed himself capable of 'playing,' in the sense in which Nietzsche recommended 'playing' to great men. Nevertheless, for tactical reasons they joined in propagandizing the Plan. But they did it half-heartedly, meanwhile condemning de Man under their breath for not burning incense before the altar of Parliamentarianism.

II

All this is ancient history. This economist, this sociologist, made famous all over the world by advancing a positive theory of the art of ruling, this prototype of the 'coming leader of

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men'—this man became the Minister of Finance of his Majesty the King of Belgium, and was henceforth to be judged solely on the merits of his work.

Before examining that work one prepares to be indulgent. One reminds oneself that for a year Henri de Man was merely the Minister of Public Works and Reabsorption of Unemployment in the Van Zeeland Cabinet; that his Government was not by any means designed to carry out the Plan; that, on the contrary, its members, taken a year and a half before from the ranks of the three old Belgian parties, were gathered together solely for the purpose of carrying out the limited task of cleansing the monetary, economic and financial systems; that they were incessantly reproached by their respective parties for having played false to the respective canons of Socialism, Catholicism and Liberalism.

He has been, it is true, the Minister of Finance for six months; that is, he has been the most important individual in the Republic, for every project advanced by any Minister in the Cabinet, insofar as it involves expenditure, must first be passed upon by the Minister of Finance, who is the sole dispenser of funds. But the full powers hitherto enjoyed by Van Zeeland expired some months ago, and the Ministers have since been exposed to the invective which is part and parcel of the 'parliamentary system.'

It is with such mental reservations that one approaches de Man's work. One hesitates to examine it for fear of being disappointed.

Well, what does one find? These are the results achieved by the Minister for the Reabsorption of Unemployment: an average of 256,000 men and women looked for work every day and could not find it in the month of March, 1935; a year later this was true of only 165,000 workers; the present number is 129,000.

And here are the results achieved by the Minister of Finance: the budget for 1937, which has already been submitted to the two Chambers (a promptness which is in itself admirable) includes 520 million francs' worth of tax reductions, with the remaining balance of tax returns amounting to 171 million francs—a significant figure in a budget totaling 9 billion francs.

But these successes in the two Ministerial posts which de Man has consecutively filled should be regarded merely as different aspects of the same task of economic recovery upon which the de Man-Van Zeeland team is engaged. The increase in industrial production, the flow of trade, the rise in wages and the swelling of dividends —all this can be seen not only in the columns of statistics but in the outward appearance of the country. The pedant, the theoritician, the intellectual has succeeded! Our fears were groundless. And so, his case having been judged, I may turn to Henri de Man and say to him: 'You have passed the test. Thanks to you, a new, positive, era in politics has opened to us.'

But before talking to de Man it is fitting that I look about me a little, and take note of the rumors circulating among the Belgian people. Within forty-eight hours after crossing the border one perceives that the Belgian populace is the victim of emotional disturbances stirred up by Léon Degrelle, that 'young man of thirty who has never done anything in his life,

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hasn't even completed his education,' as an old militant syndicalist told me bitterly. Henri de Man and Paul Van Zeeland have changed the whole appearance of the country. After having worn the aspect of stark poverty it now looks prosperous. Has this tremendous service to the country moved it to feel gratitude, admiration, love? The answer is no.

III

I remember de Man as I saw him last, sitting before me with his pipe in his mouth, toasting his heavy shoes on the fender. In his tweeds, relaxed and smiling, he did much to create the restful atmosphere of a hunting lodge in Scotland after a good hard day of hunting.

'Yes, we have succeeded,' he told me. 'After the devaluation everything happened much as we had figured it would. We even thought it advisable to make allowances for accidents. Well, there weren't any accidents. Things went faster than we expected. We had a list of measures we wanted to introduce one after another. . . .'

'I know,' I said. 'Mr. Van Zeeland showed it to me about fifteen months ago. On a copy I took with me I was able to follow, point by point, the "schedule of reforms" you had decided on. As you may know, our own Government, unfortunately, was not able to keep its operations as well under control as you did . . .'

Henri de Man's smile reminded me that he was now a responsible statesman who could not express his opinion without first reflecting on the consequences such a declaration might have.

'I am certain,' he said, 'that by increasing, with due caution, and by successive stages, labor's share of the national income, we can stimulate the exchange of goods, which depends mainly on the purchasing power of the domestic market; and I am also convinced that we in Belgium have found a workable formula for insuring the parallel development of two processes: economic recovery and social progress.

'The improvement in the economic situation is working out according to our calculations,' he continued. 'In short, our anti-depression policy has succeeded.'

In speaking of the 'anti-depression policy' he makes a distinction to which he attaches the greatest significance. The Government of which he is a part has bent all its efforts to a task which might be called negative, *i.e.*, to fighting the depression. It now remains for it to launch a more constructive policy: that of building a new society; or, to put it more concretely, of changing existing institutions gradually in such a way as to direct human efforts to the better advantage of the masses.

The Plan went much further than the Government. And even that Plan itself de Man regarded as no more than the first stage in further economic development. For that reason, in spite of his success de Man could not be completely satisfied with the results. The coöperation of the members of the Cabinet, not to mention that between them and the Parliamentary majority they commanded, was limited to carrying out the task of economic recovery. Now they ought to dissolve this coalition, retaining only its most active elements, and go ahead with

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this program, basing their support not on political parties but rather on all those elements in the country proper that have shown confidence in these new men, with their impressive list of achievements. But could such a program obtain the backing of any of the country's existing political movements? The only political movement of that nature in evidence is Rexism, and that is directed *against* the Government!

Rexism is a movement of the masses centered around one man—a characteristic it shares with Italian Fascism or German Nazism. It was launched on November 2, 1935, right in the middle of the Van Zeeland-de Man experiment, just as the nation was beginning to be aware of recovering. It has reached fantastic proportions since May, 1936, when the results of the experiment first began to take shape.

Why is this? Had not the Left sociologists, headed by de Man, proved to everyone's satisfaction that Fascistic movements find fertile soil only where poverty reigns and there are no prospects of material improvement? Yet here is a country in which the depression was combated by skilled fighters, until the very word *depression* disappeared from the vocabulary. And yet the fact remains that the name of Léon Degrelle is capable of inflaming the mobs.

I asked Henri de Man: 'How do you explain the growth of the Rexist movement under precisely the economic conditions that ought to impede it?' He explained to me that, first of all, the four years of depression had produced a kind of collective neurosis, and that because of 'inertia' the masses may persist in an attitude suited to the depression at a time when the depression is already over. Besides, the blessings of recovery have not as yet been communicated to all the classes of the population, and the losses incurred by the middle classes will not be made good for many years to come. All this was, however, said in a tone which clearly meant: 'There *is* all this, but it does not explain everything.'

And, indeed, he presently added, his tone suddenly changing: 'Besides, economics does not explain everything: far from it. There are also currents of ideas. For several years now Europe has been exposed to a current of ideas which is apparent also in Belgium and France, and whose trend has nothing to do with economic conditions.'

'What ideas?'

'It is a fact that the people feel a need for autocratic leaders in whom they believe and, most important of all, whom they can love. They are sick of the parliamentary type of democracy because it tends to prevent the creation of such heroic figures.'

IV

I think about Henri de Man's long years of austere studies. To accumulate facts patiently, to put them into orderly sequence by dint of profound meditations, never to neglect a lesson taught by the past, or the experiences of the present, humbly and happily to break the bread of knowledge in company with an obscure and poor community of scholars—that is a truly noble life, and if men of our times had any sense of fitness they would deal with such a man now as History will deal with him later.

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Yes, but all this does not inflame the mob. The mob does not want a man who will brave the arid deserts of Science for its sake, but rather one who will mingle with it familiarly on public squares. Things would be different if Henri de Man's political associates had themselves tried to build up a legend around him. Instead they indulge a mania for destructive criticism and, by belittling him, try to raise themselves to his level, thereby standing in the way of a wave of popularity that would carry them along on its crest.

And so the fact remains, first, that the Government in which de Man plays so prominent a part has achieved an unquestionable material success, and, second, that this Government has not reaped any moral reward from this success. To this statement de Man answers without embarrassment:—

'Experience shows that people demand from those who govern them that they be something more than good stewards. This explains the Socialists' inability—today more evident than ever—to take over the heritage of Capitalism which rightfully belongs to them. Socialism has allowed its *mystique* to become tarnished; now it is committed solely to physical progress.'

'What is it, then,' I asked, 'that the people demand beyond good administration?'

De Man, his pipe in his hand, makes a vague gesture, somewhat like a flourish.

'They must be given joy. We must capture their imaginations, assure them that a new era is coming in which they themselves will be entirely different. No matter how low their standard of living, men experience a keener enjoyment when their pride is flattered than if they are assured of material welfare.'

'In short,' I said, 'this country, although so completely transformed in its physical aspects, has not as yet found happiness merely because you have not tried to give it anything but solid reality. And yet there were episodes in your career as a Minister which were not lacking in dramatic value and which should have appealed to the people's imagination. After only a few weeks as Minister of Public Works you removed from office the second in rank of your high officials. Immediately upon becoming the Minister of Finance you had to surrender your highest official to the Law! That was playing Hercules in Augean stables with a vengeance, wasn't it?'

He smiled. 'I have had no allegorical pictures painted to commemorate these events. Everything went off quietly and decently. There was nothing spectacular about it. . . .'

Spectacular! That was the word!

For the people of today Government has become a kind of gigantic pageant in which even the humblest like to have a part—something like a Medieval mystery play. And how could it be otherwise when the industrial and urban civilization of today has rendered the individual completely anonymous?

Henri de Man, indifferent to the approbation of the economists of the whole world, who would crown him with a double laurel wreath, as a theoretician and a man of action, murmured, 'Yes, yes, all these economic indices showing a rise—that is all very well. But how to give them the joy that they want?'

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III. Italy's New Serfs

By Carl T. Schmidt

THE Italian Fascist leaders constantly boast of their concern for the welfare of the rural population. They claim that Fascism is 'ruralizing' Italy, that it unceasingly champions the economic cause of the peasants and that it has given them, for the first time in history, a voice in the political life of the nation. Inasmuch as peasants, farm workers and their families represent nearly half the Italian population, their actual fate under Fascism is significant.

The agricultural population of Italy is overwhelmingly proletarian. Roughly 8 million persons are engaged in agriculture; this number comprises about 3 million 'operating owners,' 900,000 cash tenants, 1.7 million share tenants, 2.5 million wage workers, and 27,000 managers. But most share tenants in fact are agricultural workers whose wages are a share of the crops rather than money. Also, many 'operating owners,' because their minute patches of land cannot support them, must gain a substantial part of their living by wage work. In fact, most farmers cultivate very small areas. In 1930, 36 per cent of the 4.2 million farms were less than 2.5 acres in size, and 55 per cent covered 2.5 to 25 acres. Yet these two classes together comprised only a third of all the agricultural land in the country. In other words, two-thirds of the land is controlled by less than 10 per cent of the farms—evidence of extreme concentration of land ownership in few hands.

Forty years ago the rural workers lived in extreme misery. Wages were very low and employment was uncertain; heartless exploitation by labor contractors, farm managers and landlords was widespread. The share-tenants received a poor share of the crops, and were obliged to render various uncompensated services to their landlords. The poverty of the workers and peasants was reflected in their crowded villages of dark, insanitary hovels and in the terrible diseases—malaria, cholera, typhoid fever, pellagra—to which they were easy prey. The police, judges, and tax-collectors made the villagers aware of the Government's existence, but they took no active part in political life. Numerous and heavy taxes benefited the ruling class of towns and country; the authority and wealth of the State did little to better the life of the proletariat. The rural masses—burdened with long hours of drudgery, illiterate, superstitious, under-nourished and unhealthy—lived in conditions almost without parallel elsewhere in the European world.

Gradually, however, peasants and workers realized the necessity of acting for themselves. Throughout the '90's and 1900's the countryside was in a ferment of labor organization and emigration to countries where prospects were brighter. Labor unions were illegal before 1900, but attempts —often ending in bloody suppression —were made everywhere to form them. After the turn of the century

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wholesale emigration, resulting in a reduced labor supply and a growing inflow of emigrants' savings, improved rural life considerably in the southern provinces. On the whole, labor organization did not flourish there, partly because of bad leadership, partly because of the grip of the Church on the superstitious *contadini*. But in the north the labor movement—led from the first by Socialists—grew rapidly after 1900. Village 'leagues of defence' spread all over the Po Valley and in 1901 united in a national federation. From the first, these leagues employed the familiar weapons of aggressive unionism, especially the strike and boycott, to force employers to accept collective contracts. Unions of wage workers, share-tenants and small proprietors were also organized under Catholic auspices, but they were unimportant until after the World War. The Catholics sought to extend cooperation and small proprietorship, whereas the Left-wing unions looked, at least in principle, to the ideal of socialized agriculture.

II

The employers at first scarcely resisted the demands of the unions. With the continuance of labor agitation, however, they began to organize for defence, to introduce more agricultural machinery, to restrict crops that required much labor, and to develop share-cropping contracts. Despite this growing opposition, the unions through contracts secured higher wage rates, a shorter working day, better terms for tenants, and generally improved labor conditions. An official index of *real* daily wages paid to male farm workers (average throughout the country) stands at 93 in 1905, 104 in 1910, 129 in 1915, and 150 in 1920. The working day at the beginning of the century was usually 'from sunrise to sunset;' by 1914 the Socialist unions had won the eight-hour day for all rural workers. Industrialization, greater technical efficiency, and emigration had a part in raising the living standards of the workers and peasants. But in much larger degree their great advance is attributable to the activities of the unions. Not only did they raise wages and cut hours but they also provided better distribution of jobs among the available labor supply. They were responsible, too, for much of the pressure behind the enactment of laws providing for hygienic control of certain kinds of work, official recognition of collective contracts, compulsory accident, old age, invalidity and unemployment insurance, and Government-supported employment agencies.

The heavy sacrifices imposed by the World War on the agricultural population—at home as well as at the front—intensified the mass movement against the old order. As the slaughter dragged on, there grew among the peasants a conviction that Italy had been brought into the conflict by the industrialists and landlords for their own gain. This whetted the old land-hunger of the rural masses—at the War's end they must be compensated for their losses by possession of the land.

The politicians, hard put to maintain the loyalty of the weary peasant soldiers, found it expedient to encourage this dream with promises of sweeping social and economic reforms. The breaking of these pledges at the end of the War fostered among the

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ranks of the peasants and workers a belief in the necessity of social revolution. In 1919–20 this was reflected in a great wave of industrial and agricultural strikes, in the seizure of large landed estates by peasants, and in rapid political advances by the Socialists and Catholic Populists. The ruling class and its governmental representatives hesitated before the threatening masses. Employers were forced to grant the demands of the unions and landlords offered little resistance to the land seizures. Politicians vied with one another in drawing up projects for the division of the great estates among the peasants. A series of laws provided for further social insurance and for government aid to the workers' coöperatives.

But the leadership of the proletarian movement was divided, uncertain, and in part essentially conservative. When, after the workers' occupation of factories in September, 1920, the Socialist chiefs accepted the Government's compromise solution of the crisis, their movement had failed. The strikers went back to their jobs, disillusioned with their leadership and in large degree resigned to a shift away from Socialism.

As the revolutionary wave ebbed, the conservative elements struck back at the labor organizations. They found a ready weapon in the Fascist movement. Supported by the money of the big industrialists and landlords, tolerated and often actively helped by government officials, and recruiting their mass following among the petty bourgeoisie and disgruntled workers, the Fascists in 1921–25 waged a successful war against the old labor unions. Socialists were ousted from government posts, members of the unions were persecuted, union headquarters, newspapers and coöperatives were destroyed. The power of the Left-wing organizations was broken and their membership declined enormously.

The final sweeping aside, in 1925–26, of the façade of libertarianism, establishment of the police dictatorship, and erection of the syndical system opened the era of Fascist 'class collaboration.' The formal structure of the 'corporative State' and its avowed significance to the industrial and rural workers has been frequently and exhaustively described. Yet what really matters—but so rarely receives notice—is the hours of the working day, the level of wages and their purchasing power, the security of the job, developed under the corporative system. Analysis in terms such as these must lead to the real meaning of Fascism to the peasants and farm laborers.

III

The long efforts of labor organization to legalize the eight-hour day met with nominal recognition in a decree of March 15, 1923, which stipulated that the normal working hours of hired laborers in all industries, including agriculture, were not to exceed eight a day or forty-eight a week. (However, on June 30, 1926, the Government authorized employers to increase the working day to nine hours.) But the significance of the general regulations has been destroyed by many qualifications that offer agricultural employers easy opportunities for prolonging the working day.

For instance the 1923 decree provides that in case of technical or weather contingencies a maximum of ten additional hours per week may be

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required without extra pay. Also, the legal limit may be exceeded when a suspension of work might entail damage to human beings or production. Moreover, working hours do not include breaks for rest or meals; many syndical agreements provide that time spent in going to and coming from the fields (often quite long) is not included. Furthermore, the Fascist collective contracts generally provide for various daily maxima in different seasons, merely requiring an *annual average* of eight hours a day. During the winter months—when it is impossible to do much farm work—the maximum daily hours are frequently six; during the spring and autumn they are eight, and in the summer—when work is heaviest—nine and often ten hours are the rule. Thus the many laborers who find jobs only in the summer are obliged to work well beyond the legal limit without additional pay. But even these wide limits are often surpassed by employers who violate the contracts.

With the stabilization of the lira in 1927 began a period of continual and drastic wage-cuts—actively sponsored by the Government—that continued into 1935. Although the decline has been general, agricultural workers have suffered more than those in industry or commerce. According to official Italian statistics, the wages of agricultural male laborers throughout the country averaged 14 lire per day in 1927, 13 in 1929, 10.90 in 1931, 9.25 in 1932 and only 8.90 in 1935—a decline of 37 per cent in eight years. In the individual provinces and occupations the reductions have varied considerably (roughly from 20 to 60 per cent), but in every instance they have been serious. Because prices of consumption goods have fallen only slowly, the purchasing power of wages has dropped to a level at least 15 per cent below what it was at the advent of Fascism. (These data are drawn from Fascist sources, which of course do not present conditions as worse than they really are.) But these observations relate only to nominal daily wage rates. *Actual* annual earnings have declined even more, for there has been enormous growth in rural unemployment and widespread violation of contract rates by employers. There is reason to believe that the real incomes of farm workers in Italy are lower today than in any country of Central or Western Europe.

Farm laborers have suffered from reduced chances of finding work as well as from falling wages. After 1926 the number of jobless agricultural workers mounted rapidly, reaching a maximum of 333,000 in January, 1934. Only in the last year has it fallen somewhat, mainly in consequence of mobilization for the Ethiopian war. But large numbers of farm workers can now find employment during only 100 to 180 days a year.

IV.

Nor has effective relief been given the rural unemployed. In October, 1919, Italy became the first country in the world to adopt a system of compulsory unemployment insurance covering all wage-earners in industry and agriculture. However, because of alleged difficulties in administering the scheme in agriculture, rural workers have been deprived of unemployment benefits since the end of 1923. The mounting unemployment in recent years has obliged the Government to

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provide a measure of relief by undertaking an extensive public works program—road building, land reclamation, construction of public buildings, and the like. But these works have meant an absorption of not more than 20 per cent of all the industrial and agricultural workers unemployed at any one time.

The Fascists have also given much publicity to their schemes for settling agricultural workers and their families on reclaimed lands and in the African colonies. So far, however, this has been of slight significance. Only 11,400 families were settled in internal zones during 1929–35, and rural migration to the colonies has been negligible. On the other hand, migration to foreign countries—formerly the most important means of reducing the pressure of population on Italy's slender resources—has fallen off markedly, not only because of foreign restrictions, but also because of the hostile attitude of the Fascist régime. In consequence, emigrant remittances have declined enormously.

In 1927, communal employment offices, controlled by local Fascist organizations, were given the exclusive privilege of placing workers. Unemployed members of the Fascist party have preference in the allocation of jobs.

Furthermore, municipal officials are authorized to expel from the towns and send back to their native villages all unemployed workers who have no immediate prospect of jobs. Evidently, there is less concern about the presence of unemployed in the countryside than in the cities.

Certain categories of farm workers, although not insured against unemployment, have been entitled since 1917 to small benefits in case of accident, since 1919 to old age and invalidity pensions, and since 1927 to insurance against tuberculosis. But only a fraction of the receipts of the insurance institutions have been paid out in recent years as benefits, for the Government has increasingly used these funds as a convenient and important source of credit.

Under the Fascist labor laws all disputes between employers and workers must be submitted first to the Government for mediation, and then, if not settled, to special courts for compulsory arbitration. Resort to any other method of settling disputes—as by striking—is illegal. The number of agricultural labor disputes has been very large—in 1935 there were 103,686 complaints involving individual workers—and is tending to increase.

Indeed, this reflects only partially the extent to which even the Fascist-dictated contracts are violated by employers. Given the present system of labor organization and extensive unemployment, only the bolder or more desperate workers dare to denounce violations of which they have been the victims.

The procedure of the labor courts in cases involving agricultural collective contracts has been virtually the same: first the employers' syndical organization demanded a wage reduction; then the workers' syndical officials offered to accept a cut, smaller, however, than that desired by the employers; and finally the court either fixed the cut at the level suggested by the workers' officials or compromised between their proposal and that of the employers. In view of the identity of the political controls

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over the courts and syndical organizations, the verdicts can be only formal registration of decisions made in higher quarters.

V

A cardinal goal of the Fascist régime is the so-called 'deproletarization' of the agricultural masses. According to the leading agricultural economist of Fascism, Italy must have, instead of rural wage workers, 'genuine peasants, attached to the soil, loving the soil, who do not ask the impossible, who know how to content themselves.' The ideal of the Socialist movement is described as the destruction of small farm proprietorship and the development of a proletarian army of landless workers. Fascism must seek the opposite goal—transformation of 'the proletarian, who is not and cannot be a nationalist, and even less a Fascist, into a type of artisan who can be made to feel the nature of property.' This is to be achieved by 'fixing the workers to the soil:' paying a greater proportion of wages in kind, changing day-laborers into share-croppers, and expanding share-tenancy. Small peasant proprietorship is to be protected and extended by vigorous encouragement of production, and by making available to colonists large areas of reclaimed land. Thus a premium is to be put on intensive farming, and the extensively cultivated big estates will eventually, by necessity of market conditions, be split up. Also, when a landowner neglects the 'social duty' imposed by his property, he must be expropriated in favor of those who will use the land in the general interest.

Practice, however, has been unfaithful to doctrine. 'Deproletarization' has not led to a strengthening of existing small proprietors, nor to a wider diffusion of land ownership. Rather, the Fascist era has seen an extension of share-cropping and tenancy and increasing difficulties for peasant owners. To be sure, the occupational census data show a decline of almost 2 millions in the number of farm wage workers between 1921 and 1931. But in the same period the number of 'operating owners' fell by nearly half a million, and that of cash- and share-tenants rose by about 400,000. Many tenants who had become proprietors during and after the War have been forced by financial difficulties since 1926 to return to their former status. No significant number of former wage workers have become tenants or proprietors. The widely heralded 'social duties' of land-ownership have remained mere rhetoric. Very few farms have been expropriated in the public interest, and the reclamation laws have not resulted in splitting up the big estates. Peasant ownership has actually been decreasing during the last ten years, and the concentration of landed property in relatively few hands has become more pronounced.

However, progress *has* been made in 'fixing the workers to the land,' but it has been in the direction of paying wages in kind and extending the share-cropping system—which, of course, cripple the mobility and bargaining strength of the workers. The cropper cultivates under the direction of the employer, has no independence in choice of crops or methods of work, and is subject to the employer's discipline. That is, he is a dependent worker, paid in kind instead of in cash, with no guarantees of income or working hours, and more firmly bound

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to the employer than the wage laborer. The approach to serfdom is too close to have escaped even the attention of Fascist writers. Thus in 1929 a speaker before a congress of workers in Milan said: 'In not a few cases share-cropping degenerates and comes to represent in the hands of less correct proprietors a means of imposing on the croppers heavy uncompensated burdens . . . Who wonders then if so many peasants and workers want payment in cash, considering it as a delivery from servitude?' Yet the syndical leaders are pressing strenuously for further adoption of share-cropping contracts, which are described as 'a safeguard against the risks of sudden convulsion and upheaval.'

In other respects, Fascist agricultural policy operates in the interests of large landed property, commercialized agriculture and finance capital. The essence of the 'Battle of Wheat,' for example, has been the imposition of an extremely heavy tariff on imports of foreign wheat, which has given big profits to the large, wheat-producing landlords. Small holders and share-tenants, however, have gained little from this, and in many cases have even lost, inasmuch as they consume the bulk of their production and frequently even must buy wheat to satisfy all their needs. And to the agricultural wage workers the tariff is only a factor in higher living costs—all the more burdensome because of the importance of bread in their diet. The Fascist land reclamation program, taxation system, control of agricultural credit, marketing and cooperation have similar implications.

The steady deterioration of working conditions during the fourteen years of Fascist rule is reflected in a marked decline in mass living levels. Even in the best of times the diet of the Italian rural population has been inadequate. But since 1930 both the quantity and quality of food available *per capita* have fallen appreciably. Most notable is the reduced consumption of wheat, meat products, sugar and olive oil. In fact, average wheat consumption is now lower than immediately before the War. A sharp drop in the use of salt suggests that less cooked food is being eaten. Housing and sanitary conditions, too, are deplorable in many districts. According to an official survey of rural housing made in 1934, not less than 6.5 million persons (a third of the rural population) were then living in 'almost absolutely uninhabitable' houses. Some 300,000 to 400,000 peasants were living with their farm animals in smoke-filled caves and in hovels of straw and foliage.

Thus, for the millions of poor peasants and rural workers, the Fascist economic and political system—despite its masquerade of 'ruralization' and 'deproletarization'—has meant complete subjection to the propertied groups. All authentic labor organization has been shattered, and many of the gains in working conditions achieved by the unions have been lost. The eight-hour day has been forgotten, real wages have been forced below their pre-War level, the uncertainty of employment has mounted seriously. Prospects of becoming independent farmers, at home or abroad, have dimmed. Instead, there is developing a relationship to the soil that is uncomfortably close to serfdom. Materially and spiritually, the living standards of the Italian rural masses are among the lowest in the 'civilized' world.

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A satire on modern dictatorship, by the author of *Josephus* and *Jew Suss.*

The Dictator

By Lion Feuchtwanger

From the *News Chronicle*,
London Liberal Daily

THE brain specialist, Dr. Bl., was highly respected by his colleagues. His great reputation was due, above all, to the exactness of his researches, to the incorruptibility with which he traced important and desired conclusions back to the remotest sources of possible error.

Anyone else with his gifts would have made a career for himself: he continued to occupy the chair at a small university. The fault lay with his caustic temperament.

Perhaps it was his odd appearance that made him so cantankerous, for he carried a gigantic bearded head on a diminutive trunk. His manner towards his colleagues was marked by indifference, sometimes by positive dislike.

Except to talk shop he scarcely ever opened his mouth, and if he did, he was uncompromising in his opinions, terse and to the point in his comments on the world about him. Moreover, when well past his youth, he married a woman of an inferior station in life; she was a waitress in the restaurant where he used to snatch his hurried meals.

He made no concealment of the fact that he felt happier in his wife's society than in that of his estimable colleagues.

Thus, his fiftieth birthday came and went without causing any remark, and it seemed that he would descend, after closing his days without distinction, to an undistinguished grave.

But suddenly the rumor spread that Professor Bl. had made a discovery which might be expected to give a new turn to life throughout the entire world.

Professor Bl. had, if rumor was to be trusted, constructed an apparatus by means of which it was possible to take observations of the cerebral activity of living persons with sufficient accuracy to give an estimate of each person's intelligence.

The name of the instrument was the Intelligence-Photometer.

The medical journals discussed Dr.

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Bl.'s invention and soon the daily papers also. Many prominent men of the political, economic and scientific worlds read about the Intelligence-Photometer with distinct uneasiness.

Literary, artistic and musical personages, on the other hand, were undismayed; for it was the fashion of the day to ask nothing more of them than a mysterious, nebulous something which was called creativeness but was not susceptible of further definition, and had certainly nothing to do with intelligence.

Professor Bl. maintained an obstinate silence.

Perhaps it was precisely this silence of his that made people talk more and more and with ever-increasing excitement about the Intelligence-Photometer—until at last it even came to the ears of the Dictator of the country.

He summoned the physiologist to his presence.

Dr. Bl. regarded the Dictator as a species of gifted undeveloped boy, though certainly his gifts had suffered from the exercise of power; for he shared the opinion of the German philosopher that power makes stupid.

Small, informal and bearded, he confronted the man whose brazen, domineering mask was adopted by his country as the symbol of greatness.

'They tell me,' said the Dictator, coming to the point at once, 'that by means of your instrument you can measure a person's intelligence by a numerical scale and fix its limits.' He sat massively behind his enormous desk, but his voice came lightly from his well-chiseled mouth. 'Can you do that?' he asked casually.

Professor Bl. answered: 'Yes, I can,' just as casually.

Naturally the Dictator was sceptical at the outset.

'That is a possibility,' he said civilly, 'which might have great importance for the welfare of the State and the nation.'

Professor Bl. was silent—clearly because the remark was too obvious a one to merit a reply.

The Dictator did not find conversation with this sea-urchin very easy. The simplest way was to be direct with him. 'And so,' he went on dryly, 'if I send certain men to you you can furnish clear, analytical formulæ of their intelligence?'

'I can,' replied the Professor.

'I had better tell you,' said the Dictator, 'to avoid any misunderstanding, what I mean by intelligence.'

'Do,' said Professor Bl.

'I mean,' the Dictator said, and as he picked his words his face was suddenly that of a perplexed schoolboy. 'I mean by it the ability to classify the phenomena of the world according to cause and effect.'

'That is quite plausible,' Professor Bl. said approvingly. The Dictator was delighted and the parting was amiable.

From that day onward, wherever Professor Bl. came, went or stopped still, there appeared obtrusive men, wearing hard felt hats, who did their very utmost to seem unobtrusive and whom even the children always greeted with the words: 'Good morning, detective.'

They amused Professor Bl. mightily. They were the only people, except his wife, who could boast of being treated in a friendly manner by Professor Bl.

Soon afterwards the men who had

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by the Dictator's wish to submit to his analysis began to present themselves at the professor's laboratory.

The process did not take long, and was not painful; nevertheless, these gentlemen did not all submit with a very good grace.

The Dictator sent seven along in all in the course of two weeks. The Professor did his job, wrote down his formulæ with a brief and clear explanation.

He transcribed the formulæ of six of them accurately; but that of the seventh he deliberately falsified.

A month later the Dictator sent for Professor Bl. a second time. This time his reception was official and pompous.

The small and peevish Professor was ushered up the monumental stairway of the castle with assiduous formality after running the gauntlet of salutes from the Dictator's picked guard.

Then they were alone together and the assiduous formalities ceased. The Dictator was as cordial as ever.

'Why did you try to take me in with Analysis No. 7, Professor?' he asked with sly and jovial good humor, laughing pleasantly. Professor Bl. laughed too.

A commodious house and a superb laboratory were made ready for the physiologist in the capital. The Minister of Education informed him in flattering terms that his services were of such importance to the State that he was on no account to leave the capital without first informing the Minister.

The gentlemen in hard hats were increased by two.

Professor Bl.'s activities were not exhausting. Now and then people came along whose intelligence he had to analyze at the dictator's request. What followed therefrom was known neither to the professor nor to anyone else.

It was considered a wry jest in the dictatorial circle when the Dictator sent anyone to be analyzed, a subtle reprimand. 'To send a man to Professor Bl.' became a catch phrase throughout the country, with the meaning of a humorous, and sometimes also a serious, warning.

II

A year passed and another after that. The Dictator became an old hand at wielding all the attributes of power; there were only two other men on the planet as adroit as he.

And yet the Dictator's sleep was not sound, for well as he had done he had not done as well as he wished.

The truth was things went well for his adherents but not for the country, and his original intention had been that things should go well for everybody.

He paid more and more frequent visits to the physiologist, and found it scarcely more difficult than at first to treat him in a simple and human manner.

He laughed a lot when he was with Professor Bl. No one who knew the Dictator only from his brazen mask had any idea how he could laugh. Professor Bl. laughed too.

Towards the close of the second year the Dictator dined one evening with the Professor.

There was a silence after dinner which was broken by the Professor's saying in his peevish quizzical style: 'Just tell me straight out what you

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want with me. We've been playing hide-and-seek for two years now.'

At this the Dictator frowned and came within an ace of showing the scientist the mailed fist; but he recovered himself just in time and maintained his simple and human manner.

In the third year, one summer evening, when the Professor's wife was away at a distant watering place, the Dictator said: 'How would it be if you took an analysis of *my* intelligence?'

Professor Bl. went a shade paler. 'Has it come to that?' he replied.

'Don't you want to?' asked the Dictator.

'I do not,' replied Professor Bl.

The Dictator looked at him, and never had he spoken as man to man with such cordiality. 'You can cheat, after all,' he said in confidence with a reassuring smile.

'I don't think,' replied the Professor, and he too smiled until his large yellow teeth showed through his beard, 'I don't think there would be much good in cheating. I think you would tumble to it.'

So the Professor made the analysis at the Dictator's wish.

It did not take long, nor did it seem long to the Dictator, but then when he looked back it seemed to have taken very long, for in that space of time he had become young and then old, and then young and then old again.

The Professor said as little as possible while recording the measurements. He wrote down the formulæ on a sheet of paper. The formulæ were quite legible to the Dictator; he knew that they were written in small letters and figures and that there were twenty-three of them.

The Professor wrote his last formula and gave the paper to the Dictator. 'Thank you,' said he, took the sheet, folded it unread, asked for an envelope, put the folded paper inside it, licked it up, shook the Professor's hand and went away.

After his departure Professor Bl. felt slightly fatigued; yes, his legs were unpleasantly heavy and they trembled, but he did not think of sitting down to get his breath.

He tried to telephone to his wife, to his assistants, but as it turned out he could not get on to any of them. He might have expected that. He would have been glad to exchange a word even with one of those obtrusive gentlemen in hard felt hats, but even they were absent today.

Finally he came upon his old laboratory attendant. He had been with him now for twenty years, and Professor Bl. knew the man's skin, the composition of his blood and the exact state of his heart and his kidneys.

Today for the first time he inquired into his opinions. He asked him what he thought about God and the other world. It appeared that the laboratory attendant had thought a great deal about them.

'I am a man made for belief,' he said.

Professor Bl. was pleased by this remark. He found it straightforward and rational.

Now he sat on the terrace. He thought of the people who had been with him in recent years, his wife, his assistants. They pleased him. He got on with them.

He had got on even with the Dictator. The man did as he must. It was going a bit far certainly to want to have himself corroborated even by him.

That same evening, before his wife

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returned, and before he had spoken to his assistants, Professor Bl. fell ill. The morning papers announced that the illness was serious, the evening papers that it was grave, and the morning after, before his wife saw him again, Professor Bl. was dead.

The Dictator had paid a visit in the course of the day and had hourly bulletins brought him.

The great scientist was buried with public honors and much pomp.

III

Two weeks later came the tenth anniversary of the day on which the Dictator had seized power. It was a day of great splendor; his enemies hated him with a peculiar and well-authenticated hate, for they had little prospect now of attaining their ends.

Earlier on the Dictator had loved these days of large acclamation; they had been his support and corroboration. Now he went through them with a certain impatience; they were no more than a political expedient which in his heart he no longer needed.

He preferred the short interval in the early afternoon which he had to himself.

He spent half this time in gymnastic exercises with his trainer, and then after being massaged he reclined alone in the small, cool room which contained only a couch, a writing-table and an armchair and was entered by no one except one of his secretaries.

In twenty-five minutes he had to appear on the balcony and make a speech; he had no idea what he would say, but he knew it would be the right thing and that loudspeakers would transmit his words throughout the world.

He got up. Enveloped in his wrap he walked across to the writing table. There were mementoes locked up in it, a collection only for his own eye of foolish, trivial things.

He took out a key and then another key and then from a last and innermost drawer he pulled out a sealed envelope, just a fortnight old. He knew well what was in it. Perhaps it was only for the sake of this envelope he had gone to the writing-table.

He stood for minutes with the unopened envelope containing the formulæ of the dead Professor in his hand.

Then he picked up a slender paper-knife. It would be interesting to know what was inside. Experience and wisdom—each had its theory. Professor Bl., now dead, knew something about that; had just hinted at it. It might not have been impossible to get Professor Bl., now dead, to tell him more about it.

The Dictator was no fool and the Professor had allowed him talent. The logic of history had imposed power upon him and power makes stupid. If he had not been a powerful man, who knows?—he might have been a great one.

From below came the tumult of the crowd. Time to get dressed—in fourteen minutes he had to make his speech. It would assuredly do his speech no good if he knew the contents of the envelope.

The Dictator put down the paper-knife unused, and tore the envelope and its contents into small pieces.

Then he walked through the large stateroom and out on to the balcony and made his speech.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Mostly Quartets

BESIDES being a poet of note and a prominent exponent of the Italian brand of Fascism, Mr. Ezra Pound is also a music critic, if not professionally, at least in his spare moments. Here, for instance, is a radio talk on today's composition which he gave recently over the facilities of the British Broadcasting Corporation. It comes from the *Listener:*—

Few critics have, I believe, succeeded in communicating any musical wisdom to their public save on the basis of actual performances whereto they have listened not merely with that charmed passivity permitted the diletante listener, but with at least the double personality of enjoyer and examiner.

In the wings of the Venetian Biennial, Vilmos Palotai (he is the rich-toned cellist of the New Hungarian Quartet) said to me: 'There is so much good new stuff that we don't know what to take next.'

Obviously something has happened and is happening in today's composition. Fifteen years ago England's best conductor had torn up all his own work. Music was at a dead end, at least in the opinion of most of the more highly sensitized performers.

Cocteau wrote of the stick of barley sugar, the longer you suck it the sharper the point, but, alas! the child's stick of candy gets shorter, woefully, woefully shorter. Thus Mr. Jean Cocteau teaching the French by parable the danger of art for the few, fewer, fewest and finally for no one whomsoever.

Some of Hindemith's songs seem to belong to that cycle. The solidest and best critical analysis I have ever read, Boris de Schloezer's *Stravinsky*, takes an analogous line. That book is a marvelous piece of perceptive writing. I wish I knew as much about music as does Mr. de Schloezer, but I do not propose to give up my own little corner, and, as critic, that corner consists in a large block of ignorance of everything save what specific compositions sound like when played by particular players. From that savage state of untrammeled nature I move to a platonic belief in the compositions themselves, based on the performers' manifest competence in relating their presentation of them, first, to the total idea of the author, and, secondly, to the coördinated details (relatively or totally unimpeded by technical difficulties of execution).

I trust the auditors of the B.B.C. will be able to confirm my impressions gleaned at a comparatively new institution (the Venice Biennial of Music) which has this year grown up to maturity, and can, I trust, henceforth serve as grazing ground or laboratory for first or early auditions of new work from the expanse of which one will be able to predict future broadcasts.

Contemporary composition has suffered two severe losses, Alban Berg at the age of fifty and Pierre Octave Ferroud, born in 1900, snuffed out in an auto accident near Budapest the day before Palotai and his friends were to meet him.

Ferroud's Quartet in C is pleasant music. It is neither classic nor neo-classic nor unconventional. As Symons said in speaking of Whistler, the artist is happy when he neither tries to follow a model nor to avoid one. The basic principle of counterpoint, as distinct from any set of niggling 'rules,' is that a number of melodic lines carry on and, by carrying on, interact.

It was Sauzay, I think, who spoke of Bach operating according to a series of 'procedures whereof the secret escapes us.' In which statement I believe there is a fundamental error implied. I do not be-

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lieve that Bach used a 'series of procedures' at all. I think he had a direct perception of the added interest that came into music when two or more melodic lines interact. Ferroud with four instruments has given four parts and, as there are three kinds of instruments in the quartet, the qualities of fiddle, 'cello and viola are kept distinct. Of course, you have to have executants who know this either by mind or by feel.

I HAVE just heard three very different kinds of contemporary quartet. And it is hard to say whether Ferroud is more different from Bartók than is Bartók from Honegger.

Few of us have heard enough Bartók, that is to say, enough of the Bartók of the past six or eight years, to speak with any final authority. Even in his Fourth Quartet, with its telling pizzicati, one feels (or at least I felt) that Bartók was still sincere but uncertain. You can't get the maximum enjoyment even from an admirable and ingenious work if you, from time to time, feel that the composer is worried. Bartók has always been human, but even up to the Fourth Quartet, he seemed to me worried for fear his listeners should be bored.

I should be prepared to state that Bartók's years of daring experiment in Magyarism have, in the Fifth Quartet, brought him to maturity. Here is a work in his own idiom, consistently in his own idiom, built up into a complete and coherent structure. It is like no other known quartet. It definitely adds to the literature or whatever we are to call articulate repertory of work written for four stringed instruments. It projects from the preceding borders and frontiers of quartet composition, and is highly satisfactory in so doing.

That means to say it is in a very different category from Ferroud's which adds nothing to our concept of the string quartet and total possibilities of it, but is simply an excellent piece of work inside the known frontiers, a good thing of its kind, which is a known kind.

The Honegger can only be located in relation to the Bartók when one shall have heard both alternatively several times. The Honegger Second String Quartet in A minor, was given publicly for the first time on September 12 of this year by the Gertlers, to whom it had been ceded by the Pro Arte of the Belgian Court.

Like Bartók's Fifth it launches into the unknown, but into a doubly remote unknown. Bartók's work is emotionally known. That is not a condemnation. It is warm with humanity. The only people who will object to it are people who suffer from a musical training, that is, the kind of musical training which stiffens peoples' mentality, blunts their perceptions and knocks their critical sense into splinters, because they are always looking for something which they think ought to be in a new composition. They get half their pleasure or whatever they do get, from scolding composers because the whatever-they-are-looking-for isn't there.

Honegger is as Swiss as Bartók is Hungarian. He is a thousand miles nearer Paris. Whether he admires Chelitchev's paintings I don't know. But everything that the surrealists in ignorance discovered, but might have taken from Medieval Flemish mystics, is common both to surrealist airiness and to this piece of Honegger's music. The incongruities, the distasteful detail, which these so very, very annoyed young men hurl into painting, and then carry into the ultimate beauties of color and of line composition, is present in Honegger's A minor Quartet. Not a fuzzy moonbeam, but a razor-edged moonbeam. Not necessarily a bull's legs on a duck, but an aerial mermaid three parts carburettor, with tentacles of an octopus, resolved in pale blue, ash pink and steel platinum.

Probably Honegger and Hindemith can hear this quartet of the former and know from second to second that the 'chord of

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the 17th,' or it may, for all I know, be the 47th, is about to resolve into *do, mi, sol* by some stellar hat trick.

To the uninitiate I think there will come simply the feeling of cleansing acid, call it cacophony, which wakes the hearer or washes his inner ear—possibly scrapes it, so that there is a bit of sensitive nerve ready for the next exquisite set of whispers.

The good old hymn-tune chords bump on an insensitive callus. The laws of Pythagoras go further than the relations of 2 to 3, 3 to 4, and such simple arithmetic. Honegger has constructed an astrological marvel; he has sent his imagination up past the Gordon-Bennet Cup-racers into the high thin air over the breathable air and earned at least more gratitudes than mine in the process.

Alban Berg is regretted. It would be unfair to compare three movements of his Lyric Suite to a solid quartet composition. There are, as they say, moments. I cannot write without conviction. My only conviction about Berg is that Endré Gertler and Pierre de Groote certainly know more about his music than I do, and they believe in these three movements which they find very beautiful.

At any rate, music of 1936 is active and various. Berg is nearer to Bartók. You can measure the music geographically. It seems to me a bit weak to call a man 'the most talented of Schönberg's epigons,' but I suppose it is meant for a compliment.

BUDAPEST, Vienna, Paris!—and to measure them you have got to listen to Hindemith. Or put it another way, the richness and abundance of music in 1936 is infinitely greater than it was in the 1920's, when most of us could deeply admire no one save Igor Stravinsky (though a handful, including myself, enjoyed Antheil, whose work from 1922 to 26 still deserves more attention than has been given it).

In Hindemith's own field no one can touch him. I haven't a quartet in my mind to illustrate this point. His Viola Concerto (*Der Schwanendreher*) was finished last October (*i.e.*, 1935). I wonder has any man ever heard a composition which so grows like a tree in absolute evolution from the lead throughout all of its details?

I heard Hindemith play it. A composer has divine and human right to the best possible execution of his own work. Music that is nothing but music or at least that exists independent of any concurrent arts; that draws the auditor's mind not out of itself toward some further objective, but keeps it concentrated on the actual sound being presented to it! In this kind of music, no one, and least of all his greatest contemporary and our lasting delight Igor Stravinsky, competes with Hindemith. From the viola lead grow all the sounds of the orchestra. My emphasis is on the verb *grow*.

Conscious or unconscious, the composer is impregnated with the sense of growth, cellular, as in the natural kingdoms. From the initial cells of the root-heart out to the utmost leaf of the foliage, in this case the harp notes, the *Schwanendreher* is natural in its liveliness. That dominant fact is worth more than any fragment of it, and if the critic be worth his salt he will want to convey that main fact, above all else, however much he admires specific minor events in the workmanship, as, for example, the acceptable use of the harp, which is the last instrument other composers ever use with efficiency. There is authentic gaiety in the active movement before the finale. We have had so much spurious gaiety that this robust outbreak is notable, though it is a minor facet in relation to the totality of the work.

Guadarram, my Guadarram!

THE natural sympathy that all Russian *literati* feel for Spain has been lately expressed in a form that is far from felicitous—an anthology entitled *We Are With You*, gathering

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together Russian poems on the Spanish situation. This book has fallen into the hands of Ilya Ehrenburg, the famous Russian author, who is at present covering the Spanish front; we reprint from the Moscow *Izvestia* his reaction to it:—

The unequal struggle of the Spanish people against German and Italian Fascists, the heroism of women, children, and old men, the blood of those shot down in Badajoz and Seville, the shade of the poet Garcia Lorca demand either inspired words or modest silence. There are, however, some poets in our midst for whom Spain's tragic struggle is merely a pretext for some poetical exercise, a few exotic names, and some new rhymes.

The content of these poems will amaze anyone who has been following the Spanish events. I do not want to name the poets, for I know that they are much better than the poems which they have dedicated to Spain. I shall, instead, use numbers.

Guadarrama is a ringing name. One poet decided that it is even more heroic with a masculine ending—Guadarram. Every one pounced on poor 'Guadarram.' Poet number 1 writes:—

From Toledo on the Tagus River
From the sloping hills of Guadarram (!)
Like a song or poem to us comes ringing
Of your vict'ry every telegram.

Poet number 2 prefers a reversed process:—

The song from Moscow comes to you
Swifter than bird
Or telegram.
Ah me, how tall
Are the hills of Guadarram . . .

Poet number 3 gives utterance to a statement which might interest a carpenter as well as a surgeon:—

Like a door the wound is creaking,
Blood spurts forth in horrid spray.
'Guadarrama, Guadarrama. . . .
Give me back my gun, I say!'

The name of one of the leaders of the Spanish people, comrade Dolores Ibarruri, went completely to the poets' heads. Poet number 4 expresses a desire:—

In the battle's burning tide,
To await the midnight's coming
With Dolores at my side. . . .

Poet number 5 is a little bit more modest in his aspirations, and is content with remarking that he wouldn't mind facing

The perils grave that lie before us
With women, comrades of Dolores.

Poet number 6 turns to Spain with a somewhat strange exhortation:—

Spain, to the barricades!

This poet evidently does not know that there is a civil war going on in Spain, and that workers and peasants are fighting on ten fronts. He is, besides, anxious that Spain should show sufficient courage:—

Yes, at this solemn fateful hour
I beg of you with many tears:
Oh, crush the snake—there still is time:
Fight now *means peace in coming years.*

In the column next to the poems quoted there are printed despatches from Soviet correspondents mentioning the high courage of the Spanish people. The poet really does not have to 'beg with many tears.'

Poet number 7 devotes his efforts to describing the tragic landscape of war:—

Quivering wings of foreign bombers
Fill the heart of Spain with chill.
Our girls by their machine guns
On their fronts lie bravely still!

A pathetic picture, no question about it—girls lying on their fronts!

Poet number 8 tells about the death of a militiaman. This is the way he describes it:—

Burning sun and fragrant breezes,
Apple blossoms—all for naught.
Comrade Pedro lay a-dying
On the field on which he fought.
On his deathbed lay he, thinking
'What a lovely fix I'm in! . . .'

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If there were not in Spain so many thousands of Pedros who are really dying for Republic and Revolution, we might even laugh at these lines.

Poet number 9 strains at the leash:—

My country rallies to your side
And so do I.

True, our country rallies to the side of Spain with good butter and good shoes, while poet number 9 rallies to her side with execrable verses.

Poet number 10 describes the heroic deed of a Spanish flyer:—

He flies into the aerial battle's din;
He's called upon to down a Rebel plane
Of German origin.

It looks as if this poet—and he is no novice, but a recognized poet— had sat down at a table and said to himself:—

I am called upon to write a rebel verse
Of phony origin.

Poet number 11 seems to have hesitated. He asked himself:—

I don't know, if, in poetic rapture,
I should tell the world my ardent dreams.

Obviously he has decided that perhaps he *had* better. His dreams prove to be most peculiar. He dreams about

. . . the fragrance of Madrid's gunpowder
and roses
in the open gardens of Granada.

These roses of Granada are not unique. Fortunately, after a few unsuccessful attempts, the Carmen motif disappears for good from these poems about Spain's revolution. Nevertheless there does remain the 'gurgling of the Guadalquivir,' the roses of Granada, swords, and serenades—all the pseudo-Spanish stuff that the Spaniards themselves contemptuously call *Españolada.*

Some of the poets, evidently considering the possibility of Franco's projected blockade, attempt to pass their poems for goods now particularly in demand in Spain. For example, one wants to be 'a barrel of dynamite.' Another assures us that the women of Oviedo

. . . load their heavy rifles
With the fragments of my broken heart.

We can only hope that the fighters of Spain will find other cartridges of better quality.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Poetic Drama

The Ascent of F6. *By W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood. London: Faber & Faber. 1936.*

(Stephen Spender in the *Left Review*, London)

WHILST the Novel and the Stage run efficiently along their sterile but well-oiled grooves, the Poetic Drama offers herself to the writer as the most problematic and perhaps the most fertile of forms. What are her special attractions? Well, she has connections with the audiences of the Music Hall and Variety Stage, tougher collaborators than those of the novelist who attains the gilt-edged visiting cards of the Book Society or the Hawthornden Prize. Moreover, in the theater, the audience is notoriously both critic and creator: it applauds or throws eggs; it identifies itself with the hero.

Yet perhaps even more important than the over-discussed relationship of the audience as a 'group' to the actors and author of the play (for, after all, not even Auden and Isherwood have as yet, in any wide and established sense, found their audience), is the solution which the theater offers to the poet simply of the problems of writing contemporary poetry. I see the poetic drama above all as a way out of isolation and obscurity. There are a dozen forces in modern life which tend to make the single poem, in which the poet is 'aware' of this complexity of impulse, more and more difficult. To mention only two factors, there is the distraction of the surface of the whole modern world of frustrated appearances: the traffic moving without any very evident benefit to anyone, each path of specialized living — the bank clerk, the scientist, the poet, the unemployed—becoming boxed away from all others. Next, there is the isolation of the individual in this world; his very perception of the significance of what is going on round him often becomes a means of imprisoning him in his own personality.

The single poem, then,—and to some degree the single work of fiction when it attains to the highest kind of art,—tends simply to express this isolation: a negative, ingrown attitude which finally bores the poet himself. 'Dramatize, dramatize,' is the cry of Henry James throughout the prefaces of his immense life-work of described poetry—which is what his novels are—and he was right. The most successful modern poems have nearly all been highly dramatic: *Prufrock*, *The Waste Land*, *A Communist to Others*, the later poems of Yeats. Yeats wins the victories of a lifetime devoted to poetry in an unashamed passion of self-dramatization. Auden is most simple, passionate and effective when he can present the attitude of the Communist poets to the workers on the one hand and, on the other, to the bourgeoisie; the earlier Eliot when he can contemplate a Prufrock who is not so much himself as a groove of life down which some phantom, in whom he can recognize his own features, is forced.

All this is only to state some of the poet's private problems which make him turn to the stage. Once he begins to write poetic drama, the state of the contemporary theater, the mood of audiences, the condition of acting, become practical problems, demanding immediate solution.

If one is unaware of these factors, one's judgment of *The Ascent of F6* by W. H. Auden and Christopher Isherwood—or, indeed, of any other contemporary poetic drama—is likely to be abstracted and unhelpful. On the one hand, then, the poet takes to poetic drama with a widening of the impulse that leads him to write single poems; on the other, he is faced with the enormous difficulty of entertaining an audience brought up to appreciate drawing-

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room comedy, romance or tragedy. His first aim must be to entertain, amuse, terrify the audience—the main fatality is to bore them.

Allowing for all this, how much should one expect, and what does one get, from Auden and Isherwood? In the first place, one expects and gets a more realistic grasp of the practical problems of entertainment and production than has been shown in earlier attempts to 'revive' poetry on the stage. Secondly, much as one would like it, one doesn't get any very striking development of Auden and Isherwood's ideas and writing. In short, this play, in the total impression which it produces, is inferior to Auden's best poems or to Isherwood's two novels, *Mr. Norris Changes Trains* or *The Memorial*.

If one judges this book simply from reading it, one is rather disappointed. Yet I think that when the play is performed the authors will be justified in having sacrificed so much which they can obviously do in the way of poetry, subtle characterization and brilliance to simplicity of theme, caricature, and occasional lapses into the humor of an undergraduate smoker. For I believe the play will act well, and that remains at present the most important consideration. Also, it is an advance on *The Dog Beneath the Skin*, than which it is far better constructed. Some of the poetry is very good indeed; at times the action is tragic and moving; the doggerel of the earlier play has been replaced by the light passages, capable of rapid transitions on to a different plane of seriousness, of the dialogues between the two characters who are choric spectators, Mr. and Mrs. A.

The story is the ascent of a mountain called F6 on the English maps, and Chormopuloda by the natives, lying between Ostnia and British Sudoland. The Ostnian colonizers are conducting a rival expedition from their side, and imperialist interests—prestige, coffee, domination, etc.—make it essential that the British expedition, led by Michael Ransom, should win. The public, represented by Mr. and Mrs. A, seated in boxes near the stage, follow broadcast accounts of the expedition with varying degrees of interest as it stimulates or depresses them in conducting their private affairs. These choric passages are excellently done, with a sureness of touch which makes the characters of the booby political magnates, Lady Isobel, Lord Stagmantle and Michael's brother James seem almost clumsy.

The center of the play is Michael Ransom, and it is in his character that the strength and weaknesses of the whole conception become evident. The other characters are all presented either satirically or else with great objectivity; but Michael is the hero, and although his tragedy is that of his failure as a personality, he is presented sympathetically and his characteristics are evidently meant to be those of someone possessing a certain nobility of character. Ransom is a colossal prig, a fact of which the authors seem insufficiently aware. He behaves in the way in which one projects behavior when one does not think of any way of living, but simply of ways of behaving in a given situation. He is a born actor: he is very, very calm when he is with the other members of the expedition, whom he regards rather as if he were the author of a play and had written their parts for them, which is, of course, exactly how everyone regards other people in heroic daydreams. In a sly way he manages the lives of everyone round him. He is always smiling with a kind of sympathetic superiority when other people are upset.

DOCTOR: And if it's bad down here, what's it going to be like up there on the arrete?

RANSOM (*smiling*): Worse.

There is a lot of this kind of thing.

Ransom also has delusions of grandeur which are revealed to him in a vision which he receives when crystal-gazing:—

Bring back the crystal, let me look again
And prove the former vision a poor fake:

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The small gesticulating figure on the dais
Above the swooning faces of the crowd
And the torrential gestures of assent—
Was it myself? Was it for me the band
Far down the road distended their old cheeks?
The special engine barnacled with flowers,
The clashing salutations from the steeple?

Auden and Isherwood do not conceal in these remarkable, visionary monologues that their hero is a Fascist type. Nor is the fact that they deal with this type sympathetically a fault. The weakness of the play is that the drama does not realize and externalize in action the most important implications of Ransom's character. I cannot help feeling that the final tragic realization of the last act should have been that Ransom was a prig, a fact, after all, even more significant than that he was in love with his mother. As it is, when the mother is revealed on the mountain top to croon over her dying son, one is left feeling that instead of the truth about Ransom having been realized, it has only been explained: the tragedy culminates in an acute piece of analysis.

[The Ascent of F6 *will be published in the United States by Random House.*]

The Case Against Socialism

Socialism. *By Ludwig von Mises. London: Cape. 1936.*

(J. A. Hobson in the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester)

AGAINST the doctrines and the practices of Socialism Professor von Mises ranges all the forces of philosophy, politics, economics, and ethics. The confident claim that social evolution makes for Socialism is disposed of by an array of philosophic and historical learning which tears it to shreds and tatters. Marxian materialist determinism is shown up as vaporous verbalism. 'In Ethical Socialism imperfect understanding of human social coöperation is combined with the resentment of the ne'er-do-well.' A false romanticism in groups of modern intellectualists and artists has given a decorative idealism to falsifications of the facts of life and human nature.

But the brunt of the attack is directed against the economic practicability of Socialism as a substitute for capitalism. Socialism will not work for two related reasons. The disappearance of a price calculus applicable to units of capital and labor in a full Socialism will make it impossible for public planning to give a right direction to the productive resources of the community. In default of a price system based upon a marginal productivity which will set each factor of production to its most useful work in a corporative enterprise the Socialist planning would find itself trying to calculate without a calculus. In the existing capitalist system the 'democracy of consumers' by their demands direct all the productive processes into their most useful channels. By playing upon the gainful desires of owners and workers in their individual capacity they bring about the maximum productivity of the economic system.

This, of course, is Adam Smith's doctrine of 'the invisible hand,' though von Mises does not truckle to any such 'mysticism' as this expression might imply. His reasoning throughout is conducted upon a rationalist utilitarian basis, and his indictment of Socialism is that it must greatly reduce the economic product and so, even if greater equality of distribution was attained, increase the poverty of the poor. For the lack of any reasonable calculus would be attended by a loss of individual efficiency due to the failure of stimulus to work on the part of employees and to think on the part of official managers and directors. His most scathing criticism is directed against the notion that a sense of social service could replace the present stimulus of personal gain. Here he relies upon the evidences of socialized industries, State and municipal, which always, he claims, let down the standard of efficiency alike in manual and brain work.

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Much of his acutest reasoning is directed to the defence of what he terms liberal capitalism. He minimizes every waste and defect of capitalism, even in its commercial operations. Competition is never really wasteful, for it is essential to the best application of productive resources. Even where capitalism generates monopolies or restrictions of production, it is conserving those natural resources whose scarcity forms the basis of monopolies. All apparent wastes are either unavoidable failures in foresight or are necessary displacements attributable to economic progress. Thus the rejection of Socialism is partly due to its inherent defects, partly to the excellent operation of capitalism. It is, of course, recognized by von Mises that capitalism has not recently been getting fair play. For politicians in every country, partly under the pressure of organized labor, partly by the influence of particular business groups playing on false nationalist ideals, have imposed many legal restrictions upon free capitalist enterprise, both within the national boundaries and in foreign trade.

The writer denounces all factory and other 'humanitarian' legislation of health and unemployment insurance, all trade union activities, political or other, as detrimental to the general productivity of labor, while the inflationism practised or threatened everywhere is the final act of a 'destructionism' which he sees threatening our civilization. True, he does not despair. As a believer in the directive power of ideas and reasoning based on facts he still finds grounds for hope:—

'It is ideas that make history, not the "material productive prices," those nebulous and mystical schemata of the materialist conception of history. If we could overcome the idea of Socialism, if humanity could be brought to recognize the social necessity of private ownership in the means of production, then Socialism would have to leave the stage.'

There are many extravagances in his elaborate indictment and defences. But I think it is incumbent upon thinkers 'of the Left' to face and confront, if they can, the central positions here taken by von Mises in what is perhaps the most thorough attack upon their accepted principles that has ever been presented.

André Gide Changes His Mind

Retour de l'U.R.S.S. *By André Gide. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1936.*

(Emmanuel Berl in *Marianne*, Paris)

THIS admirable and intellectually honest book will doubtless bring great joy to the souls of the Pharisees—and precisely those André Gide hates the most.

'So you've come back from the U.S.S.R.?' they will say. 'But need you have gone there at all? Well, now you see for yourself, we were right.' And how they will glory in their cleverness, all of them—those who proclaimed the victories of Kornilov, Kolchak, Wrangel and Denikin, and those who swore they had seen Ukrainians eat their babies raw, and those who asserted that Bolshevism is a German enterprise and those who declared that the U.S.S.R. was incapable of building a single factory, of cultivating a single field of wheat. 'We are never wrong, not we!' these friends of André Tardieu will clamor.

The answer to them will be: 'If Gide is disappointed in the U.S.S.R. it is precisely because he failed to find there what you were afraid he would find. The U.S.S.R. fails to justify his hopes only insofar as it fails to justify your fears.'

But they will never understand this retort. The Pharisees never admit that only those who wished it success from the start may justly deplore the failure of an enterprise. So the counter-revolutionaries who reproach the revolutionaries with having failed to achieve equality are never embarrassed by the fact that they themselves rejected that equality. The bourgeois who reproached the disciples of St. Francis with the excessive wealth of their monasteries were not stopped by the

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thought that they themselves were even further from the Franciscan ideal of poverty.

There is nothing more detestable than this Phariseeism. There certainly is nothing that André Gide hates more. Yet I admire him for laying himself open to their attack, for conceding them to be right rather than neglect his essential duty, which is to tell the truth. No book of Gide's rings more true than this one.

Gide tells us exactly what he saw—what he so much wished not to see: a nation deprived of liberty to the point where even free thought becomes impossible: 'I doubt whether in any other country today, even in Hitler's Germany, the spirit is less free, more curbed, affrighted and enslaved.'

It must have hurt Gide to write that sentence!

'It must be recognized in advance and once and for all, that there can be only one opinion about everything and anything in the U.S.S.R. For the rest, these people have minds so made that this conformism becomes easy and natural to them, until they are no longer aware of it. So much is that the case that I don't believe any hypocrisy enters into it. . . . When I have talked to one Russian it is as if I I have talked to all . . . This shaping of the mind begins from tender childhood. . . . After so many years of struggle one has the right to wonder: will they at last be able to lift up their heads a little? But never were their heads bowed beneath a heavier yoke . . .'

In short: 'One cannot enter a room where people live, be it the humblest, without noticing a portrait of Stalin hung on the wall—doubtless on the same spot where the ikon used to hang. I don't know whether it is idolatry, love or fear: but always and everywhere you see him.'

This is what Russia is now—or perhaps this is what she has always been. Nevertheless the Communist doctrine has never stopped recommending self-criticism.

'I admired it from a distance and I still think that it could have given marvelous results if seriously and sincerely applied. But soon enough I understood that in spite of all the denunciations and remonstrances one hears this criticism is merely investigating whether this or that does or does not accord with the "party line." The line itself is never discussed. . . . And woe to those who seek to push it a little farther. Within those limits criticism is allowed to your heart's content. Outside of them it is not permitted at all. We know of similar phenomena in history. And nothing spells graver danger to culture than this very state of mind.'

The picture Gide paints of this country, in which even thought itself seems to have been banished little by little, along with liberty, is frighteningly gray and mournful. The poor quality of all the products which industry turns out with such nonchalant parsimony, and which the consumer accepts without ever dreaming that anything better could be found anywhere; the poor quality of the human material: 'To come back to the people of Moscow: what strikes one at first is their extraordinary indolence—laziness is probably too harsh a word. But Stakhanovism was miraculously invented to shake the sluggards into activity—before that there was the *knout*. Stakhanovism would have been useless in a country where all the workers worked. But in Russia people, when left to themselves, for the most part let down. . . .'

Wages are poor. Gide states that, hard as it is to form any estimate of the value of currency in Russia, the ruble, by and large, is equal to the franc. The number of workers who earn five or six rubles a day is still great. But this general inadequacy is quite to their taste. Although everything is mediocre, everyone thinks that he belongs to the best collective, to the greatest country and, thanks to the best of Soviets, to the best of all possible worlds.

Gide finds that this new Russia is afflicted with a superiority complex. 'We have nothing more to learn from foreigners,' a student told him. 'Why, then, bother to learn their language?'

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All the same, they are anxious to know what is happening abroad. 'What matters to them most is whether we admire them enough. They are always afraid that we are insufficiently informed about their merits.'

All that was really revolutionary in the U.S.S.R. the perhaps inevitable policy of Stalin has sacrificed to the complete triumph of bureaucracy. Now this bureaucratic Government exercises an absolute control not only over the physical resources of the country but also over the souls and minds, which it 'shapes' as it thinks fit.

The result is that Bolshevism is, in the last analysis, merely concentrated Tsarism. It boasts an administration analogous to the Tsarist administration, but one which is more powerful, since there is no opposition to it, one which holds the Russian masses imprisoned in the same steel bonds. Under liberalism a garden of hopes had blossomed forth, and with it philosophers, novelists, poets. Now the gates of destiny seem to have been closed again and Russia to have reverted to the cultural barbarism of Paul I.

I do not doubt that Gide's picture is aught but true in every detail. No observer more friendly to Russia could have been found. No one could have a more deep-rooted and inveterate habit of accurate observation, and no one could have looked at the U.S.S.R. with eyes more unprejudiced and more eager to see the truth.

But I pity those who will read with joy the pages the author must have written with so much sadness in his heart. For my part I have never been a Communist, nor even a Communist sympathizer. No nation is more strange to me than Russia. No matter. The message of brotherhood that the October Revolution sent like a cleansing wind through Europe rang in my heart, and in those of my comrades, the too soon muffled bells of hope. Those who have not felt a moment of love for the Russian Revolution are not of my generation; they have not seen the beautiful image of the Lenin Revolution as it was projected on the minds of the French.

I pity those who rejoice at seeing the eyes once kindled with hope now dimmed again. And I pity still more those who will try to use Gide's disappointment in Russia to cry up Fascist and Nazi countries. For the terrible grievance that Gide has against Stalin's Russia is precisely its resemblance to Hitler's Germany. Fascism, Communism—vain words with which they try to throw dust in our eyes. They both mean the same debasement of man, the same threat to Western civilization.

Germany's Military Machine

Das Neue Deutsche Heer und Seine Führer. *By Berthold Jacob. Paris: Editions du Carrefour. 1936.*

(Herbert Rhön in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague)

BERTHOLD JACOB is considered an expert in Reichswehr matters; he is familiar with the structure and the personnel of the German Army. This journalist, who caused von Seeckt's downfall in 1926, does not stoop to cheap sensationalism and exaggeration. His every statement has been checked and proved by documentary evidence with the precision almost of a General Staff.

Jacob does not accept the myth that the German military machine cannot be beaten. He is well aware of its vulnerable points: the new formations have been built up with undue haste—that is the cardinal weakness. One ought to add that incessant training could eliminate this shortcoming relatively quickly; the maneuvers of last fall showed that at least a part of the rank and file of the Reich Army is already thoroughly trained. But that is not sufficient. The Third Reich will not conduct the next war with the thirty-six to fifty divisions of the standing army, but with at least treble that number; and these vital reserves are far from being ready to take the field.

Jacob gives figures to support his

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contention that the regular army does not yet possess regularly trained reserves that have passed through a uniform organization. The hurried training of the earlier classes did not give good results, and not until 1942 will the regular draft yield those 2½ million reservists which are necessary for a great offensive. This is a weak point which Jacob rightly recognizes—although it must be realized that many S.S. men and members of the National Socialist Automotive Corps (N.S.K.K.) possess some useful training; which means that there are 'silent reserves' in the semi-military organizations. Jacob points out skeptically another weak point: material rearmament is not yet finished; the larger units of the heavy artillery are still incomplete.

This is quite true. Just the same, one will have to raise a major objection, in the interest of truth. Jacob gives too static an appraisal of German rearmament. He sees it in cross-section only, and he clings too closely to official German sources. Thus his statements are absolutely vouched for—but they don't represent the final conclusion; they are sometimes even short-sighted. The armament standards decreed by German military literature are just as important as the official statistics. Everything that German strategy demands can and will be supplied by the German armaments industry; it is just a question of time. One may agree with Jacob when he discusses the 'as yet inferior fighting strength' of the German air arm. But he nevertheless under-estimates the strength of this arm when he places it at 2,400 airplanes for the fall of 1936. A Soviet-Russian estimate (in the *Krasnaya Zvezda*) has recently estimated Göring's air fleet at a minimum of more than 4,000 planes. It is undeniable that the Third Reich's military airports can shelter more than 10,000 airplanes, and that brings us to the figure at which the *Deutsche Wehr* openly reckons the German air arm in case of war.

The same applied to tanks. Jacob believes that the regular army will not set up more than six tank divisions in peace times. I doubt this. Six tank divisions—that is about 3,000 tanks. The German strategists demand a hundred tanks for every kilometer of the attack—that would mean that one tank division would account for only five kilometers. The *Deutsche Wehr* counts on 10,000 tanks for the German army in case of war. And one must keep in mind the pace of Germany's rearmament.

Jacob regards the strategic situation of the Third Reich as a very complicated one, and he does not believe it to be very hopeful. A German offensive, he asserts, will direct its main attack across Switzerland; he does not believe that Germany will be able to afford the luxury of a 'Great Vise,' of a wide encirclement of the French front, *i.e.* a simultaneous offensive through Holland and Belgium, and through Switzerland, because her forces are insufficient. He also holds that a common German-Polish offensive directed against the Soviet Union cannot be accomplished. On the other hand, he believes that a German campaign against Poland is possible. A strategic plan for this purpose is still on file. It was prepared under the Weimar régime, with the coöperation of General von Fritsch. Jacob's statements about this plan are highly illuminating; they are correct.

Let us for the time being stick to the Western front. Jacob maintains that Belgium's strategic position is almost invincible. That is why, he claims, the German General Staff has abandoned the idea of a new German invasion. The *Militärwochenblatt*, on the other hand, recently gave a very low estimate of Belgium's defensive forces and predicted that a new German invasion would proceed without interference.

It is an open question whether the desire to avoid British resistance may yet divert the attack in the direction of Switzerland. I am convinced that Jacob errs when he maintains that "the plans of the German

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General Staff are inspired essentially by political observations.' He still believes that successful strategy comes first. It was only the civilians—Delbrück—who charged the German policy of 1914 with having provoked England. All military experts considered the attack on Belgium as absolutely unavoidable, even though it would lead to a breach with England. They reproached the political leaders with something else, namely, with not relieving the German military leadership in the East —with permitting a war with Russia.

Jacob's description of Germany's chances in the East contains a sizable lacuna: he overlooks the military importance of the Soviet Union. Thus it is in his opinion possible that a single German army could wage a campaign from East Prussia *via* the Baltics to Leningrad. An army—that would be, after mobilization and completion, about ten to twelve divisions. But even in peace-time Russia's northwestern frontier is protected by almost as many divisions; in case of war the number would be almost doubled. A boldly advancing army, in addition, would have the armies of the Russian western front on its flank—approximately twenty-five to thirty divisions. Furthermore, an isolated German advance through the Baltics would give the greater part of the Soviet Russian shock troops which are concentrated at the southwest border of the Soviet Union an open road to Silesia. For the German army Jacob sees merely the danger of getting lost in the vast spaces of the Soviet Union. One may safely assume that there are much more immediate dangers.

One part of the book is particularly important. In it Jacob describes the careers of the German army leaders. About Blomberg, whose rise he has followed for more than a decade, Jacob writes: 'Blomberg, who certainly is a capable General Staff man, but of weak and sensitive character, is everything but a strategist, and certainly not an organizer on a grand scale like von Seeckt or even von Fritsch—Blomberg becomes Field Marshal General. . . . He holds the post of which Scharnhorst had dreamed, and which even the elder Moltke was unable to achieve. We should like to predict that he is not strong enough to assume the rôle of Marshal in a totalitarian war, as Ludendorff outlined it.'

Who are the men around Blomberg? They were, during the Republic, very restrained, zealous, sometimes rather cultivated and professionally well trained officers. They had entered the war as lieutenants or captains, finishing as captains and majors, almost all in General Staff positions. They were majors or colonels in 1925, and colonels or major generals in 1930. They rose when conditions in the military field were still rather limited; for a long time they had no modern war equipment to experiment with. They were confined to infantry training. Then came the eagerly awaited rearmament, and with it rapid promotion; the colonels of yesterday have become the designated army chiefs and the chiefs of the General Staff in case of war.

Among them are a few outstanding strategic talents. Yet the strategic problems assigned to Blomberg's assistants are exceedingly difficult: they consist of the preparation for a war on three fronts. That is not what they were appointed for under Seeckt; there may come a day when they will have to pay dearly for their rapid rise.

Tolstoy's Last Days

The Final Struggle. *Countess S. A. Tolstoy's diary for 1910 with extracts from Lev Tolstoy's diary for the same time. Edited by S. L. Tolstoy. Translated by Aylmer Maude. London: Allen & Unwin. 1936.*

(David Garnett in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

THE plot of King Lear has been criticized with equal justice and stupidity by everyone. How can one sympathize with

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Lear, who divides his kingdom so as to evade the responsibilities while retaining the privileges of a king? The fact that he kept a riotous and drunken bodyguard of fifty knights shows he was not in earnest; his tragedy is merely that he was play-acting and then that he was taken at his word. One has only to read the secret correspondence of Regan and Goneril, given us by Mr. Maurice Baring, to sympathize most fully with their practical commonsense point of view. If only Shakespeare could have cast away the Lear of legend, how much more poignant and plausible he could have made the tragedy! He should have turned the plot inside out: Lear determined to escape being a king, abdicating but held a royal prisoner by his loving family, and at long last escaping from them all to the freedom of the storm upon the heath. That is the tragedy of Tolstoy which is now for the first time fully disclosed to us by the piety and love of truth of his son Sergey. The detailed account given in *The Final Struggle*, Countess Tolstoy's Diary for 1910 with extracts from Lev Tolstoy's Diary for the same period, edited by S. L. Tolstoy and translated by Aylmer Maude, is the most moving and tragic book that I have read for very many years.

When Tolstoy married Sofya Behrs, a girl without a dowry, he was not a rich man. By working hard, managing his estates well and making large sums from his books, he was able to maintain his wife and ten children in considerable comfort. The countess was passionately devoted to him and to his interests; she was a woman of great energy for whom the milestones of happiness in life had to be marked by a series of material successes. When Tolstoy formed the belief that it was wicked to be rich, their relationship was inevitably shattered. He would not continue to be a landowner, but since it was wicked to make his family suffer for his beliefs, he made over his estate, and the copyrights of his books to his wife and children and continued to live with them. The working of this compromise, inherently painful for both sides, has already been told in considerable detail. The difficulties which were apt to occur can be illustrated by the Countess's engagement of a Cherkess mountaineer to prevent the peasants stealing wood out of the forest and Tolstoy's distress on finding the man was terrifying the village children and beating some of his particular friends.

So long, however, as there was goodwill and mutual affection such troubles could be smoothed over. The real difficulty arose from the fact that while the Countess could not share Tolstoy's views, other persons, and in particular Chertkov, did. A state of affairs in which others shared with her husband something from which she was excluded infuriated her, and she resolutely refused to admit for one moment what was obviously inevitable to everybody else. If Chertkov had been an exceptionally gentle, charming and unaggressive character, there would have been fewer occasions for provoking her jealousy, but unfortunately Chertkov was a man whom it was easy to dislike. He had been exiled for several years for sharing Tolstoy's views and after he had returned to Russia, had not been allowed to live in Tula province, so as to keep him at a distance from Tolstoy. In 1910, however, the Russian Government removed this restriction, Chertkov settled near Yasnaya Polyana and the stage was set for the final tragedy.

The only result of a reasonable discussion of jealousy must be the abandonment of the claim to the exclusive possession of the beloved object. This is instinctively felt by jealous people who are aware that the passion which torments them is degrading and unreasonable and that the one hope of enforcing their wills is by terrorism, by violence and by acts of madness. The only relief from the torment of jealousy is voluntarily to go mad. The Countess therefore almost immediately began to make scenes threatening suicide, to brandish an uncorked bottle of opium,

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to fire a toy pistol, and to rush out and roll on the damp grass at midnight.

The diary in which she records this campaign of terrorism is naturally of extreme psychological interest. She was throughout desperately aware that the sympathy of others was with Tolstoy and that she would be regarded by posterity 'as a Xantippe.' Many passages in the diary of this old lady of sixty-six have been omitted on account of the obscene epithets which she showered upon Chertkov and her husband, whose discussions of the spreading of Tolstoy's views seemed in her eyes to be 'senile eroticism.' Chertkov was fifty-six and Tolstoy was eighty-two, but to justify herself in her own eyes, and in those of other people, she continually accused them of a homosexual relationship. She also poured out the same story to stray visitors, finding sufficient proof for the accusation in the fact that Chertkov had taken photographs of Tolstoy:—

'Yesterday I looked at fifty-seven photographs that Tanya has of Lev Nikolaievich taken by Chertkov and today, waking up after an oppressive nightmare, I saw clearly that my suspicions . . . are quite well-founded. When a man wants to hide something he devises a screen. Their screen is "spiritual intercourse." But where is *spirituality* in contorting oneself *physically* into different poses, now laughing, now serious, and a hundred other expressions, for Mr. Chertkov to amuse himself by taking photographs, and making a collection of them?'

It was more normal that she should suffer because Tolstoy was keeping a diary in which her behavior was being recorded.

'How miserable I am! I want to read Lev Nikolaievich's diary. But now everything is locked up or handed over to Chertkov. All our life long we have never concealed anything from one another before. We read *all* one another's letters, *all* the diaries, and I read everything Lev Nikolaievich wrote. No one can understand what I endure.'

Besides the diary that Tolstoy was writing there were diaries he had lent or given to Chertkov, and though the Countess knew she would not be allowed to read them, she suffered agonies from the fact that they had got into Chertkov's hands. When Tolstoy died they would be lost to the estate and she would not have an opportunity of expurgating them. She therefore succeeded eventually in forcing Tolstoy to get them back and lodge them in the bank at Tula. She suspected also the existence of a secret will which Tolstoy had actually made to ensure that his wishes about his literary property should be respected, and this provided occasions for outbursts of frenzy. Tolstoy bore everything with almost superhuman patience and saintliness and gave up seeing Chertkov so as to try and calm her. But the madness grew and grew. As Tolstoy wrote:—

'Continually harder and harder with Sofya Andreevna. Not love but a demand for love that resembles hate and changes into hate. Yes, such egotism is insanity. What saved her before was having children. It was animal love but self-sacrificing. When that was past there remained only terrible egotism.'

The most moving and the most psychologically revealing scene of all came after Tolstoy had noted: '*Today I felt a strong desire to write fiction but realized the impossibility of concentrating on it with this struggle within me and this persistent feeling about her.*' Next day, after a ride in the cold, he became unconscious and had an attack of convulsions, after which he began trying to write, deliriously, on the sheet of the bed. 'It must be read!' he exclaimed and then repeated: 'Reasonableness . . . reasonableness . . . reasonableness.' While this was going on the Countess fetched the ikon which Tolstoy had carried through the Crimean War and tied it to the bed, and immediately afterwards managed to steal a portfolio of his papers, which she was carrying off when it was rescued by her daughter.

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In the last few weeks, Tolstoy felt himself growing weaker in face of this agonizing persecution; he was frightened of losing his memory and falling completely into her power and one night, waking up to find the Countess hunting through his papers, he decided suddenly that he must escape while he could. In the pitch dark they harnessed the horses and drove off: '. . . *it seems to me that I have saved myself—not Lev Nikolaievich but something of which there is sometimes a spark in me*,' he wrote. But it was not for long. The train journey was too much for him and a few days later the Countess joined the crowd which was encamped round the station-master's house where Tolstoy lay dying. She was not allowed to see him, but begged to be allowed to enter so that the cinematograph men could photograph her going in and coming out. '*You are keeping him from me but at least let people think that I have been with him.*' Such pettiness of feeling is, alas, no protection against the greatest unhappiness. It should, indeed, be an extra claim on our pity.

Japanese Poetry

MASTERPIECES OF JAPANESE POETRY, ANCIENT AND MODERN. *Translated and annotated by Miyamori Asataro. Tokyo: Maruzen. 1936.*

(William Plomer in the *Spectator*, London)

THE publication of these two handsome volumes, containing nearly eight hundred pages and many illustrations from paintings and manuscripts, has been made possible by a 'gracious grant' from a prince of the Imperial family. They form a fine companion piece to Mr. Miyamori's *Anthology of Haiku*, and together with that work afford a most helpful introduction to the appreciation of Japanese poetry, ancient rather than modern, for only two poets under forty are represented, and only a single one born in the present century. No shadow of a 'dangerous thought' could have been allowed to darken the perspective, for the anthologist could scarcely have flown in the face of his Imperial patron, but in any case his tastes seem naturally safe and academic. His enterprise must be praised, his scholarship is impressive, and his labors, not least in the matter of proof-reading, must have been enormous.

An introduction treats of the characteristics and history of Japanese poetry, and the arrangement of the poems is chronological, as in the previous anthology. There are short biographical notes; then the Japanese text is given, then a transliteration; then Mr. Miyamori's translation; then in many cases translations by other hands; English and occasionally German, for the purposes of comparison; then such explanatory notes as have been thought necessary. The illustrations, mostly by contemporary painters and beautifully reproduced, have been carefully chosen to match the poems, and the local fauna and flora are as carefully described: if a frog is mentioned, we are asked to observe that it is *polypedates buergeri Boulenger* and none other.

Mr. Miyamori has done his heroic best with the translations, but he has handicapped himself by forcing rhymes where none are needed, and by using archaisms. Between the Japanese ear and the English ear there is a great gulf fixed, and it is a measure of the remoteness and unfamiliarity of Japanese culture that an educated Englishman, an English poet even, might surprise one by being able to name a single Japanese poet: probably the Lady Murasaki-no-Shikibu is the only one out of all these hundreds whose name is known here at all.

With few exceptions, these poems are *tanka*, which have 31 syllables, as distinct from *haiku*, which have 17. The *tanka* consists of five phrases of 5, 7, 5, 7, 7 syllables, and contains from twelve to twenty words. 'Pregnancy and suggestiveness, brevity and ellipsis,' remarks Mr. Miyamori, are the life and soul of the *tanka*. Like the modes of feeling which it reflects it is extremely ancient and highly stylized, and

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although it is extremely difficult to write an ideal *tanka*, 'it is a rather easy task for a man of culture to compose commonplace ones, since only arranging 31 syllables constitutes a poem.' In Japan, as Lafcadio Hearn noted, poetry is composed by almost everybody.

The anthology opens solemnly with a piece ascribed to a deity, the younger brother of the Sun Goddess, in fact, and closes with a didactic verse by the headmaster of a girls' school in the provinces. In between may be found many shades of elegance and sensitiveness, touches of magic, meditations, conceits, patriotic banalities, exquisite 'tiny sentiments,' expressions of melancholy, of the emotions of expectant or disappointed lovers and of parental or filial love, but especially a delight in Nature, flowers, trees, clouds, birds, water, spring, autumn, and so on. I am inclined to think that out of deference to his Imperial patron Mr. Miyamori has given us rather too many of the effusions of the Emperor Meiji (1852–1912), who for various reasons might almost be called the Queen Victoria of Japan. However, as this monarch constantly overflowed with impeccable thoughts and is said to have composed no fewer than a hundred thousand poems, we are perhaps lucky to be let off with less than seventy: among the more remarkable, one is pacifist in tone, and another is a hit at the newspapers.

The moon, according to our ideas, plays throughout a rather too dominant part, but then it rains so much here that we scarcely know what it looks like. Again, the Western reader, unfamiliar with the Japanese landscape and Japanese ways of thought, may easily suffer from a surfeit of cherry blossoms. And how is he to appreciate the flowers of the *lespedeza*, which he has never seen, or the notes of the *uguisu*, a very distant cousin of the nightingale, which he has never heard? How is he to understand the myriad associations that a Japanese has with the very name of this or that place, person, or thing? At best he can only get an inkling of the meaning. If we read:—

The wind blowing down from Mount Hira
Flung flowers all over the lake,
Until a boat, rowing, divided the petals
And left a long wake,

we find nothing in it 'pregnant and suggestive'; we see a pretty picture, and that is all—but it is not by any means all in the original. Poetry is always impossible to translate, but in Europe a rose is a rose and a cuckoo a cuckoo. In Japan, however, a rose is a peony or a lotus, and a cuckoo is a *hototogisu* and sings quite a different tune (sometimes annoyingly, according to an eighteenth century poet called Munetake) in a different environment to ears more different than words can say.

Among the many delights and surprises of this anthology I feel obliged to mention a poem by Yamanoue-no-Okura, a diplomat born in the seventh century. I do not mean the well-known one beginning 'Whenever I eat melons I think of my children . . .' but the *Dialogue on Poverty*, not a *tanka* but a poem of some fifty lines. It is a spirited piece that might have pleased Villon centuries later. Mr. Miyamori, greatly daring, thinks that it entitles Okura to be called a 'proletarian poet,' but Okura has been dead for over sixteen hundred years, so his 'dangerous thoughts' have had time to mature. Here is an extract:—

No smoke rises from the hearth,
Spiders' webs are spun in the rice-steamer,
And we have forgotten how to cook rice.
Thus my family sigh and cry mournfully.
Then to make the matter still worse,
Like the proverb, 'to snip what was short before,'
A rod in hand, the village headman
Comes to the door of our sleeping-room,
And loudly cries to claim his dues.
Such is my lot! Are these the ways of this world?

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

PACIFIC ADVENTURE. *By Willard Price. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1936. 48 illustrations. Maps. 317 pp. $3.00.*

HERE is a charming and informative book on the Japanese mandate, comprising chiefly the Marianas, Carolines and Marshalls—1,400 islands of some importance and another 1,000 islets and reefs. The book is charming because it is well and wittily written in an unpretentious manner. It is the honest record of an extended journey taken through these islands by the author and his wife. The reader is informed at the outset exactly what favors the Japanese overlords of the mandate bestowed on Mr. and Mrs. Price: a discount on the steamship fare, frequent use of Government motor boats, several *sukiyaki* dinners, and the like. Hardly on the scale of bribery! Throughout the book the author's complete integrity—lack of anti- or pro-Japanese bias—is evident.

Mr. Price has written a volume that is composed of a little travelogue, a little ethnology, a little imperialism, a little general international relations, and a generous supply of humor, but it is no single one of these things. It makes no pretense at giving all the answers the world is asking on this vast blind spot in the international scene, but it does provide a delightfully readable introduction to most of them. For instance, what about the question of the fortification of these islands? Are the Japanese violating the League's mandate? Mr. Price wanted to see for himself. He first found out from the police what regions he could not visit. He then presented this list to higher authorities and stated his desire to visit each one of them. And somehow or other he did—all except one, and on this region he secured indirect evidence. He concludes that the islands are not being fortified, although just as the United States is doing, the Japanese are establishing commercial (?) airbases. Well, if the islands are not being fortified, why cannot certain areas be visited? Mr. Price concludes that this is to prevent knowledge and photographs of the strategic areas which may be fortified in the future or which already form natural defence areas from falling into the hands of potential enemies.

Another question the world wants to know: are these islands to be permanently Japanese or will they revert to some other power or to the native rule? By the time you finish the book you realize that the author has suggested that the answer lies in the perfectly obvious factor of the size and activity of the Japanese population as against the native or any other. Americans who have studied the map of the Pacific know that just west of the headquarters of the Japanese mandate, Palau, lies Davao, the Japonized area of the American-owned Philippines. What are the relations between these Japanese communities and what are the future probabilities? And what is the significance of the geographical proximity of the mandate not only to the American colony but also to the Dutch-owned Celebes and to Australia and its mandates?

Here, in the Japanese-ruled islands, is clearly an area of great importance to the future balance of power in the North Pacific. And if after reading Mr. Price's volume the reader fails to comprehend the drama latent in this situation he has only himself to blame.

—FREDERICK V. FIELD

WORLD IMMIGRATION: WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE UNITED STATES. *By Maurice R. Davie. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 588 pages. $3.75.*

THIS is the most useful general treatise on the history, demography, law and sociology of immigration and emigration which has yet appeared. It suffers, however, from the defect of its qualities and fails to treat certain problems which are of great importance at the present time: particularly the rôle of United States Consuls in restricting immigration since 1932, and the various proposals for reform of the administration of our immigration laws.

But Professor Davie arrives at some conclusions which deserve attention for their importance to the problem of the future of immigration to the United States. He points out that emigration throughout the world has been essentially a middle-class movement of rural folk who have come from countries where that class has only restricted opportunities and go as immigrants to countries where

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they believe there are greater opportunities. Yet instead of finding themselves in a rural environment, they are forced to become proletarians and settle in the urban areas. This is the root of many of the sociological problems which the countries of immigration face when dealing with the newcomers and their children of the second generation. Thus immigration is closely connected with the evolution of modern society which makes impossible the existence of thousands of individuals under certain economic systems that cannot satisfy their needs and under political systems which oppress them. The fact that on the one hand the middle class is being forced out of existence and that on the other the possibilities of immigration are increasingly small will lead and has led to serious dislocations in countries where they are forced to remain. Hitler in Germany and Mussolini in Italy may in a sense be considered the product of American immigration policy, for they represented that middle class which, not being able to emigrate to improve conditions of life, remained and espoused a political philosophy which assured them and their class that the promised land was where they stood. Professor Davie's conclusion for the United States is that since immigration is no longer a problem we should turn our attention to the task of welding together into a homogeneous nation the various immigrant groups which still remain and which have not been made part of the stream of American life.

—Melvin M. Fagen

American Democracy and the World War. Volume I: Pre-War Years, 1913–1917. *By Frederic L. Paxson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. 427 pages. $3.75.*

THIS first instalment of a contemplated longer study of the eight years of the Wilson Administrations is a pleasingly-written story of American life from the Presidential election of 1912 to the official entry of the United States into the World War on April 6, 1917. Although main emphasis is placed on political developments, considerable space is devoted to the changing economic and social facts of the period. Enlightening short biographical sketches of most of the important personages mentioned, frequent brief quotations from the speeches or writings of the leading participants, a sprinkling of anecdotes, and ample evidence of a penetrating sense of humor add much to the interest of the volume. Although Professor Paxson does not hesitate to make definite statements even on matters which to some may still appear open to debate, the general tone of the work is one of tolerance and fairness based on patient study and broad scholarship.

Following an extended description of the peacetime domestic and foreign problems and accomplishments of the first Wilson Administration, Professor Paxson proceeds with what appears to me to be one of the best discussions of all phases of American neutrality that has yet been published. Less emotional and more critical than Hartley Grattan's or Walter Millis's accounts of the same trying period, this recital, while evidently friendlier to the Allied than the German cause, really makes clear the whole complex interplay of forces which, like a monster magnet, slowly but surely drew the American democracy into the struggle.

The next volume, which presumably is to deal with America's part *in* the war, should be even more interesting than this, in view of Professor Paxson's connection with the War Plans Division of the General Staff. It is to be hoped, moreover, that he will there include a critical bibliography of the more important of the many references relevant to the story.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

An Historical Geography of Europe. *By Gordon East. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1935. 480 pages. $5.00.*

THIS is an extremely useful volume, one which will serve to supplement historical accounts neglectful of the geographical factors in history. The multitude of specific details with which Mr. East has packed his book does not make for easy or rapid reading, for he has given us in small compass a mass of information not readily accessible elsewhere. Fifty-eight maps illustrate the volume, but in many cases they are small and not easily intelligible without reference to larger areas and to contemporary geography. A good historical atlas will be an indispensable adjunct to the text.

The story begins with the Roman Empire and continues down to the geography of Europe in the Railway Age, roughly about 1870. Limitations of space make the treatment highly selective, but the principal geographical determinants of European history are consid-

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ered and bibliographies for each chapter will encourage further exploration by those interested. The British Isles are excluded, but the concept of Europe is properly expanded to include the African and Asiatic lands touching the Mediterranean. The division of the book into three parts, 'The Geography of Settlement in Europe,' 'The Political Geography of Europe,' and 'The Economic Geography of Europe' results in some duplication of material but is probably justified by the emphases of these aspects thus made possible.

The author has happily avoided falling into the pit of geographical determinism. Specifically, he disclaims any such inclination, focusing his 'attention on *all* the many *inter*-relationships between human societies and their physical environments.' He cites the infancy of his subject as rendering premature the pursuit of wide generalizations and insists on the immediate necessity of studying 'concrete instances of the activity of human societies in relation to their habitats, which at the same time offer them opportunities and set them limitations.' He opposes an oversimplification of the relationship between the distribution and localization of industry and physical geography. 'Although it is true that economic activities are inspired and localized to a considerable extent by the immediate possibilities of the countryside . . . nevertheless, these activities are not a little governed by the peculiar aptitude of the people themselves and by the way in which they themselves and their neighbors are politically organized.'

Sicily, fully treated in a special chapter, is adduced as an example of the way in which general social relationships have primacy in historical determination. '. . . the human geography of Sicily in the past is a changing pattern which was woven by its history on the face of its soil. . . . In other words, the physical geography of Sicily—the almost static basis of its civilization—was made to yield different human values at successive stages of time.' Of more particular contemporary interest, one may follow through his references to Spain; he shows how the natural endowment of the country, generous and varied, yielded rich or poor returns according to the rise and fall of different economic and political institutions. Spain has been geographically conditioned but not determined.

The book is not only or primarily of antiquarian interest. There are 'variable or fluid' aspects of contemporary geography which deserve paramount attention, but to ignore what the author terms 'geographical momentum,' conditions persisting from the past ages of Europe, is to ignore an important aspect of contemporary life. 'These conditions, in contrast to the political and economic trends of the moment, possess a certain stability and rigidity, comparable almost with those of the rock structure itself.'

—Martin Y. Munson

Soviet Money and Finance. *By L. E. Hubbard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 335 pages. $4.50.*

Is There Enough Gold? *By Charles C. Hardy. Washington: The Brookings Institution. 1936. 212 pages. $2.50.*

AT LAST there is a book on the financial system of the U.S.S.R. which is indispensable to the student of Russia's economic development. Remaining as remote as possible from the philosophical and moral implications of collectivism, Mr. Hubbard gives a concise account of the history and present condition of Soviet Russia's financial structure. The course of currency and credit is traced from the destruction of money-values under Military Communism, 1917–1921, through the revival of money under the New Economic Policy to the new developments consequent upon the beginning of the first Five Year Plan in 1928.

Mr. Hubbard outlines in bold strokes the industrial organization which is the framework of the Soviet economic system. He then describes in detail the banking system, the industrial, agricultural and commercial credit agencies, the currency, and the principles on which the national budget is constructed. In this connection, after pointing out important differences the author observes: 'It is noteworthy that the Soviet economists and financial experts have not succeeded in evolving a new financial system, rather have they adapted the technique and methods of the capitalist system to their peculiar needs.' The chapter on saving and investment is particularly good. Mr. Hubbard shows how in Soviet Russia there is not, and need not be, any disparity between these two factors, thereby eliminating what Professor Keynes and others regard as one of the main contributing causes of the present world crisis.

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Perhaps the most interesting development in the U.S.S.R. has occurred during the last twelve months. In the latter half of 1935 the rationing system for the distribution of consumption goods was abandoned. Prices were allowed to rise near those obtaining on the 'free' market, where they varied in classical accordance with the supply and demand. This had already been allowed in regard to the prices of spare tractor parts, and Mr. Hubbard suggests that the same policy may be permitted to apply, to some extent, to wholesale trade, and discusses the relation of this innovation to planning in general. The book closes on the rather paradoxical note that 'Soviet economic theory may soon be considered reactionary by the advanced advocates of social credit schemes and the manipulation of credit in western countries.'

FIFTEEN years ago many students of monetary economics were questioning whether the gold supply of the world was adequate to serve as the base for an international standard. Mr. Hardy set himself the task of answering this question, assuming that the international gold standard was reconstructed and functioned as it did from 1924 to 1930. He analyzes the estimates of gold stocks and gold production, past, present and future, and discusses the supply needed. He is led to the conclusion that, contrary to common belief, there is more danger of a surplus than of a deficit under the 1924–30 conditions which he assumes. But he himself provides doubts about those conditions when he writes: 'No gold supply can ever be adequate if adequacy is tested by the ability of a country to meet gold drains based on loss of confidence in the country's credit structure.'

Mr. Hardy touches the crux of the difficulty when he discusses the national distribution of gold. The total world supply may be adequate, but how can it be distributed so that national currencies can be maintained on it? This question recalls the plaintive financial columns of the London press during 1929–31, grumbling that France and America were not playing the gold game 'according to the rules.' Mr. Hardy doubts that the available gold will distribute itself adequately through the ordinary commercial and investment forces. There is still little sign of any super-national authority to ordain any other means of distribution.

In Part II of the book, the author has revised and reprinted his critical analysis of the Warren-Pearson price theory. This is acute and well-argued, although sterile and negative in its conclusions.

—Michael Ross

The Gaucho Martin Fierro. *By José Hernandez. Adapted from the Spanish and rendered into English verse by Walter Owen. With drawings by Alberto Guiraldes. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1936. 326 pages. $3.00.*

LATIN America has produced two poems of epic character. The earlier, *La Araucana*, is a conscious candidate for this designation, written by a Spanish soldier in the sixteenth century to immortalize the exploits of himself and his comrades in the early conquest of Chile. *The Gaucho Martin Fierro* is more original and expresses more epic genius, although it is less dignified in form and deals with humbler subjects. It springs from the partly oral and partly written ballad literature of the Argentine plains and was completed at odd moments by an author unconscious that he was producing a masterpiece.

José Hernandez was a prominent journalist and publicist, but he was *estancia* bred and had grown up with the gauchos. In his imagination he felt so vividly their experiences that they accepted him as their prophet and his poem ran through innumerable editions and was recited wherever the cowmen of the pampas gathered around a campfire or lounged in a country bar. Nor was the instinct of his admirers at fault. The poem is realistic, romantic and human—and powerful in all of these mutually discordant qualities. Indeed its realism may repel at times a generation that does not know the gaucho at first hand and that loves its crudities sugar-coated.

Its length of nearly five thousand lines, its continuity of theme, and its tragic undertone justify defining the poem as an epic. But it also suggests a *catena* of ballads and might appropriately be entitled *Lays of the Last Gaucho*. The guitar replaces the harp among Latin minstrels and the text is explicitly a recitative for a guitar accompaniment.

Martin Fierro and his associates represent the last generation of frontier plainsmen in Argentina and their histories form the author's theme. When the first and most significant part of the poem was published in 1872 the

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gauchos were already oppressed by the nostalgia of a vanishing race. With a strain of Indian in their Spanish blood and as much a part of the pampa as the half-wild herds that roamed it, their instinct told them that they could not survive the arrival of the plowman and the settler. This melancholy presentiment colors the background of the narrative and gives it lasting historical meaning. In that narrative incidents crowd upon each other in quick succession. They include barroom brawls and Indian battles, ignoble squabbles over women and heroic deeds in their defence, abuses of army drafting, incredible evils at military outposts, queer social misfits bred on civilization's fringe, injustices to the poor, corruption of officials, unvarnished verities of life among the aborigines. But contrasting with this huddle of major and petty wrong and vice and with the obscenities of frontier squalor are descriptions of the vast expanse of unsullied nature, long saddle nights under the stars, spicy odors of untrodden herbage, calls of unstartled birds at dawn, and other experiences that dignify the soul.

The original is in the gaucho dialect. Like the gaucho himself that dialect is vanishing. Mr. Owen's 'adaptation' is a notable achievement. It preserves the rhymes and meters of typical gaucho recitatives. Even difficult word-plays are reproduced in English with remarkable cleverness. A person who has never heard the songs of the pampas in their native setting, or at least on a Buenos Aires vaudeville stage, will hardly catch their swing and intonation from a version in another language. But the story will hold his interest and leave a permanent impression. The volume, which is excellently illustrated, can not be left out of the library of an American who wishes to understand Argentina.

—Victor S. Clark

The Spanish Tragedy 1930–1936. *By E. Allison Peers. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. 257 pages. $2.50.*

PROFESSOR Peers has done the useful job of chronicling in simple and graphic fashion all the major events that have occurred in Spain in the six important years from the end of the Dictatorship in January, 1930, to the outbreak of the revolt on July 17, 1936. Though the author advises us that he has striven for complete objectivity, he has not attained it. His pro-clerical, anti-Left bias is all the more dangerous in that it is cleverly concealed. The reader should credit his well informed recital of what happened, and discredit his prejudiced account of why it happened.

—Leo Huberman

The Descent of the Idol. *By Jaroslav Durych. Translated from the Czech by Lynton A. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1936. 670 pages. $2.75.*

The Ballad of the Hundred Days. *By Joseph Roth. Translated by Moray Firth. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. 303 pages. $2.50.*

The Brothers Ashkenazi. *By I. J. Singer. Translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. 641 pages. $2.75.*

THE slightest of these books is *The Ballad of the Hundred Days.* Although it takes its name from an important period in the life of Napoleon, the book is concerned not so much with external as with internal events in the lives of its characters and almost half of it is devoted to Angelina Pietri, the laundress who loves Napoleon and dies for him. The juxtaposition of the humble Angelina and the great Emperor gives Mr. Roth the opportunity to make his usual contrast between the great and the small, and to draw the inference that only the unimportant can be truly happy. It is only after Napoleon learns this and loses his empire that he can experience 'the ecstacy that comes from renunciation.' Mr. Roth's attitude toward Napoleon is reverent iconoclasm, in line with his frequent use of paradox.

THE DESCENT OF THE IDOL is another novel of a soldier, of Wallenstein and the Thirty Years' War. Thomas Mann has compared this book to *War and Peace*, but one finds it difficult to understand why. Taken by themselves, the occasional patches of story, like the account of Angela's American adventure, are well told, though somewhat vague and unrealistic in treatment, but for the most part they are lost in a mass of scholarly, or even pedantic, detail which makes the book impossible for the general reader. It may be better adapted for the expert on the period, who need not consult an encyclopædia in order to identify the constantly changing multitude of minor officials and dignitaries who are mentioned.

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THE BROTHERS ASHKENAZI is not at all the sort of book one would have expected from the author of *Yoshe Kalb*. The Jewish pietists and mystics of Poland have been transplanted from the feudal medievalism of the previous book to modern industrial society. In the lifetime of the brothers Ashkenazi and within the Polish town of Lodz, Mr. Singer presents the history of capitalism from its beginning in hand industry to its culmination in the World War, the Bolshevik revolution, inflation and disintegration. In the Ashkenazi brothers the author presents two opposed trends of capitalist development. Max is the incarnation of furious ambition which destroys everything it meets in its road to the top and ends with its own destruction. Yakob is the pleasure-seeking principle, the sensuous enjoyment which destroys only itself. But both are destroyed: Yakob when his pride will not submit to those who are stronger, Max when everything to which he has devoted his life, including his power, leaves him.

In his picture of capitalist development Mr. Singer describes also the development of the workers' movement which began with the Enlightenment and anti-religious propaganda and ended in the Russian Revolution. In this portrayal his sympathies are more deeply involved, for while the Ashkenazi brothers are seeking power and luxury, the workers are seeking food and life. We therefore find the leader of this movement, Nissan the Wicked, scholar and revolutionist and the son of Reb Noske, scholar and saint, the most sympathetic character of the many in the novel. Step by step we follow his development from his unhappy and hungry childhood, through the stage in which he is an intuitive organizer of strikes, his education in prisons, his release by the revolution, and his election to the revolutionary Duma. And then we discover that as a Menshevik he rejects and is rejected by the new Government. This is the one illogical, unmotivated and unexpected development in the book, for throughout we have seen Nissan as the honest and effective leader of the workers and expect to find him at the end in complete accord with the new Government which he has done so much to bring into being. Mr. Singer tries to explain this development by showing the similarity between Nissan and his father, the pious and other-worldly scholar, and by repeating that Nissan believed in the power of the word, of the idea over the material, but he leaves us unconvinced. It is only Mr. Singer's own conviction that the religious other-worldliness of the medieval Jews must be translated into philosophical idealism when it is abandoned by their descendants that is demonstrated in Nissan.

This concept of racial heredity which is causing so much trouble in modern society is found throughout the book, and especially in those parts where Mr. Singer is concerned with finding a solution for the problem of the Jew. Nissan believes the solution is to be found in proletarian revolution, but finally rejects that. Other characters seek a solution in Polish nationalism, but that led to pogroms. The Ashkenazi brothers sought it in capitalist conquest and found that an illusion. At the end Max Ashkenazi considered Palestine, but decided that would not solve the problem either. It would mean either a repetition of Poland or a waste of talent represented by putting the peasant's spade into the sensitive hands of the diamond polisher. Only one solution is possible: a return to the wisdom of Job and Ecclesiastes, to the recognition that the world is vanity.

There are flaws in this novel and confusions, but it ranks with the first novels of our time.

—JOSEPH KRESH

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CORRESPONDENCE

NEUTRALITY

TO THE Editor of THE LIVING AGE:

Sir:—Your symposium on neutrality for this country was most timely, as transpiring events abundantly prove. Our policy on this matter should be more clearly defined.

History teaches all society, local, state, national and international, needs the sanctions of law to preserve peace and order.

Do we prefer the ghastly arbitraments of war to a rule of reason and justice as defined by international law, administered by a World Court and upheld by a League of Nations?

—CHARLES A. EWING

Decatur, Illinois

THE WAR PSYCHOSIS

TO THE Editor of THE LIVING AGE:

Sir:—The article *Hitler over Russia* by 'Ernst Henri' in your November issue is one of the most disheartening symptoms of war-psychosis I have ever come across. No matter what one thinks of National Socialism as a political system or of Hitler as an individual, an aggressive war of conquest certainly is not contemplated by him or any other member of his Government. They may sometimes show an excessive pride in consequence of their undeniable success in reconstructing their country, but they are not insane as your author makes them out to be by implication.

Mr. 'Henri' ignores—for what reason?—the existence of such trivial matters as the French and Russian armies, each of which is superior to the German army. Hitler and General Göring do not. They know very well, and have often said so, that a new war would involve destruction of the whole of European civilization including Germany. It takes the utter blindness of bias to write a sensational story of Germany's alleged evil intentions. Similarly, I remember, warmongers before 1914 ascribed to William II a desire for world 'domination,' whereas he never wanted more than Germany's natural right of existence as a world-*Power* on the basis of equal rights with the other great Powers.

Would it not be more worthy of your magazine to work for international understanding and conciliation than to add to the tension already existing by inciting more hatred and more hysteria among a reading public incapable of judging international affairs at first hand?

—OTTO E. LESSING

Williamstown, Massachusetts

TO THE Editor of THE LIVING AGE:

Sir:—I wish to say that THE LIVING AGE furnishes a unique and indispensable service to students of international affairs.

—KENNETH COLEGROVE
Professor of Political Science
Northwestern University

Evanston, Illinois

TO THE Editor of THE LIVING AGE:

Sir:—In my opinion, THE LIVING AGE is the best of all periodicals.

—H. B. SMITH

Charleston, West Virginia

TO THE Editor of THE LIVING AGE:

Sir:—It may interest you to learn that I have had a great clearing out of back numbers of some eight or ten magazines to which I subscribe, and that among this accumulation, which I have given to charitable institutions, there is not a single number of THE LIVING AGE, as *they are all worth keeping*.

—CHARLES VEZIN

Old Lyme, Connecticut

TO THE Editor of THE LIVING AGE:

Sir:—I am taking this opportunity to tell you that I have been enjoying THE LIVING AGE more than ever since it resumed publishing articles on literature, art and music. I also like the short stories. Keep up the good work.

—DANA L. HODSON

Boston, Massachusetts

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE National Peace Conference (8 West 40th Street, New York) announces that it has taken over from the World Peace Foundation publication of the series of brief works on international issues which have been known as the World Affairs Books. The series will continue under the editorship of Raymond T. Rich, formerly Director of the World Peace Foundation. Titles already published include *The Cotton South and American Trade Policy*, by Peter Molyneaux, editor of the Texas *Weekly*, *The Economic Need of an Organized World*, by Dr. Alvin H. Hansen of the University of Minnesota, *What Is War?*, by Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski, anthropologist of the University of London, and *Conflicts of Policy in the Far East*, by Dr. George H. Blakeslee of Clark University.

ACCORDING to figures released by the National Council for Prevention of War (532 Seventeenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C.) there are in the United States only about 30,000 persons who contribute a dollar or more a year to any peace organization. The National Council hopes to increase the number to at least a half million.

IN AN effort to combat the 'war-like and racketeering influences now reaching children through the press, the movies, the radio, and through war and gangster toys,' World Peaceways (103 Park Ave., New York) has organized a Department of Youth Education. The newly formed department invites individuals who are in sympathy with its program to coöperate with it by organizing peace education groups, and by collecting signatures to a petition which it has drawn up. With such a declaration of public opinion as the signing of the petitions will give it, the department hopes to influence toy manufacturers, toy retailers, motion picture producers, radio program builders, and legislators.

AS THE year 1936 drew to an end, the War Resisters League was busily adding names to its enrollment. More than two thousand United States citizens had enrolled by mid-December. The enrollment blank requires the signing of the following pledge: 'War is a crime against humanity. I therefore am determined not to support any kind of war, international or civil, and to strive for the removal of all causes of war.' The League originated in England, and has its main strength there.

THE Public Action Committee on Legislation Affecting International Peace (30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York) has inaugurated a 'postcard service' by which it plans to keep its members informed on important peace legislation coming before Congress and to advise them 'where, when and to whom' to voice their opinion of that legislation. The Committee is non-political and offers its services to 'all individuals and organizations determined to keep America out of war.' There are no dues.

THE League for Human Rights (807 David Scott Building, Detroit, Mich.) asks us to inform our readers that it is conducting a 'boycott of German goods and services' and publishing a monthly *Boycott News Bulletin*. Further information may be obtained from the League. Another German-boycott agency is the Joint Boycott Council of the American Jewish Congress and the Jewish Labor Committee (151 West 40th Street, New York).

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

IN THE speech which he delivered at Milan on November 1, Mussolini invited those who criticize Fascism to visit Italy and see what the present régime has done for the people. Mr. Carl T. Schmidt, an instructor in economics at Columbia University, accepted the invitation even before it was made. In his article he summarizes especially for LIVING AGE readers the results of his research into the present state of Italian agriculture. [p. 433]

LION FEUCHTWANGER is a German novelist and dramatist whose works have been translated into many languages. He emigrated in 1933, and was deprived of his citizenship in 1934. In America his best known books are *Josephus* and *Jew Suss*. [p. 440]

THIS month's 'Persons' are Winston Churchill, who has lately been trying to form a Centrist party in England [p. 413]; General Edward Rydz-Smigly, heir to the mantle of Pilsudski and the dictatorship of Poland [p. 416]; and Jacques de Lacretelle, one of the newest of the French immortals [p. 419].

THE reviewers of 'Books Abroad' include Stephen Spender, the young English poet; J. A. Hobson, economist and author; Emmanuel Berl, the editor of *Marianne;* Herbert Rhön, whose name appears frequently over articles in the *Neue Weltbühne;* David Garnett, author of *Lady into Fox*, *Pocahontas*, and *No Love*, and the son of Edward and Constance Garnett; and William Plomer, who has been a farmer in the Stormberg, a trader in Zululand, and a traveler in Japan.

OF OUR own reviewers, Frederick V. Field is Secretary of the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations; Melvin M. Fagen is associated with the Committee on Emigration Legislation of the American Jewish Committee; at present he is making a study of the families of aliens in the United States for the National Council on Naturalization and Citizenship; Walter Consuelo Langsam, author of *The World Since 1914*, is professor of history at Columbia University; Martin Y. Munson also teaches history at Columbia; Michael Ross is economic adviser to the Public Works Administration; Victor S. Clark, a former editor of THE LIVING AGE, is now consultant in economics at the Library of Congress; Leo Huberman, author of *We The People*, has just published an economic history of Europe called *Man's Worldly Goods*, *The Story of the Wealth of Nations* (Harpers, $2.50); Joseph Kresh is a free-lance writer and translator.

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